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The Island of Atlantis.

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"For at that time the Atlantic Sea was navigable, and had an island before that month which is called by you the Pillars of Hercules. But this island was greater than both Libya and all Asia together, and afforded an easy passage to other neighboring islands, as it was easy to pass those islands to all the Continent which borders on this Atlantic Sea. * * * But, in succeeding times, prodigious earthquakes and deluges taking place, and bringing with them dissolution in the space of one day and night, all that warlike race of Athenians was at once merged under the earth, and the Atlantic Island itself being absorbed in the sea, entirely disappeared."—PLATO'S TIMÆUS.]

Oh! thou Atlantic, dark and deep,

Thou wilderness of waves,
Where all the tribes of earth might sleep
In their uncrowded graves!

The sunbeams on thy bosom wake,
Yet never light thy gloom;
The tempests burst, yet never shake
Thy depths, thou mighty tomb!

Thou thing of mystery, stern and drear,
Thy secrets who hath told?
The warrior and his sword are there,
The merchant and his gold.

There lie thy myriads in their pall,
Secure from steel and storm;
And he, the feaster on them all,
The canker-worm.

Yet on this wave the mountain's brow
Once glowed in morning's beam;
And, like an arrow from the bow,
Out sprang the stream:

And on its bank the olive grove,
And the peach's luxury,
And the damask rose, the nightbird's love,
Perfumed the sky.

Where art thou, proud Atlantis, now?
Where are thy bright and brave?
Priest, people, warriors' living flow?
Look on that wave!

Crime deepen'd on the recrent land,
Long guilty, long forgiven;
There power uprear'd the bloody band,
There scold'd at Heaven.

The word went forth—the word of woe—
The judgment-thunders peal'd;
The fiery earthquake blazed below;
Its doom was seal'd.

Now on its hills of ivory
Lie giant wood and ocean slime,
Burying from man's and angel's eye
The land of crime.

THE VENDETTA.

A CORSICAN STORY.

[Translated from the French of the Countess de la Roche, for THE METROPOLITAN RECORD.]

CHAPTER VIII.

COURAGE AND MODESTY.

The sun was above the horizon when Tebaldo awoke; a light breeze was playing 'mid his hair, and the odor of the sea-pines perfumed his couch. For a few moments he was in that condition which may be described as neither sleeping nor waking, hearing, without comprehending, all that was passing around him, knowing not whether he was in his little bedroom in the Quartier Latin or in the dormitory of the college. From this state of half-consciousness he was roused by the rough voice of a sailor scolding one of the cabin-boys, and, rising hastily, he saw land. He could not restrain an exclamation of delight, for the ship had doubled Cape Corso, and they were close by the shore. In irrepressible emotion he extended his arms towards the sterile rocks and stunted pines that fringed the shore of his beloved native isle. While he was gazing on the familiar scenes before him and flinging crumbs to a bird that alighted on the bulwarks, a young lady whom he had not before observed came on deck, accompanied by her waiting-maid and a little boy about seven or eight years old. The lady was very pale, for she suffered a great deal during the twenty-four hours she had been on board, and only came on deck now at the request of the captain, and on his assurance that the land breeze would do her good. She sat down, leaning her head on her hand in complete indifference to what

was passing around her; and the attendant, apparently suffering as much as the lady, sank motionless on the deck.

"George, sit near me and be good," said the mother, as the child showed unmistakable evidence of possessing the vivacity natural to his age.

At first he obeyed, but soon getting tired of remaining in the one position, as any child of his age would have done, he took some marbles from his pocket and began to play. Seeing that no notice was taken of this, he moved further off by degrees, and in a short time George was running all over the vessel and doing exactly what he pleased.

"You had better not be playing about here in that way, my boy," cried one of the crew.

Frightened by the deep voice and cross looks of the sailor, George took refuge on the quarter-deck, and amused himself watching the large fish that followed the vessel, spouting water through their nostrils. When tired of that he thought of climbing upon the trunks and boxes that were piled one upon another, to reach the balustrade that served as a protection against accidents. Near this place stood Tebaldo, buried in thought. Roused by the noise, he looked and saw the boy astride upon the balustrade. Alarmed by the risk he ran, Tebaldo stepped forward to seize him, when the ship gave a lurch, and George, losing his balance, was precipitated into the sea. A feeble cry and the dull sound of a body falling in the water was heard; the Liamone sped forward at her ordinary rate of speed, and that would have been the end if the young Corsican had not, with the rapidity of lightning, plunged into the waves. Lioncini was a skillful swimmer. With a few rapid strokes he reached the boy, and, seizing him by the hair, held him above the water. The steamer was a great distance from them, but, fortunately, many of the passengers had witnessed the occurrence and hastened to apprise the Captain. He immediately ordered the engines to be stopped and a boat to be lowered, which speedily rescued them from their perilous position and brought them safe on board the Liamone. Terror at the danger to which her beloved son was exposed entirely dispelled all traces of the mother's sickness. She ran up and down the deck, wringing her hands and uttering the most heartrending cries. At the sight of her son, whom Tebaldo placed in her lap safe and sound, the poor woman could express her gratitude only by tears. As for the young Corsican, he slipped away under pretense of changing his wet clothes, and, descending to the Captain's room, gave way to the emotions of happiness with which his heart was overflowing. Oh! how proud and happy he felt in preserving so precious a life—in restoring a child to its mother. At the thought his heart bounded with joy, and was raised in thanksgiving to Heaven that had made him the instrument of so much good.

How despicable appeared the ferocious joy of vengeance compared with the emotion he now experienced? How far above all worldly applause was the approbation of his own heart?

The Captain, surprised at his long absence, went to seek him in the cabin.

"What are you doing here?" he exclaimed, "when all the passengers are demanding to see you? Madame Belmont is all impatience to thank you. She fears you are ill; and on the word of a sailor, I begin to be afraid of it too."

"I assure you I never felt better, but who is this Madame Belmont, who so kindly interests herself about me?"

"The mother of the young gentleman

you saved, my dear fellow, and a truly amiable woman. She is on her way to rejoin her husband, who is in command of the garrison at Corte; come quickly, that I may present you."

"I have no desire to exhibit myself as a spectacle," said Tebaldo; "it is an exceedingly embarrassing position in which to place a man. Let me go on deck alone, and mix among the crowd without seeking to attract attention."

"A hundred times no," exclaimed the Captain; "it is my will and pleasure to show you to all on board, for are you not a countryman, I might almost say a relation of mine?"

"Come then, since you will have it so," said Tebaldo, resignedly.

"Here is the hero, the man who—the brave Lioncini, in short, my friend and countryman," cried the Captain, breaking down in his attempt at eloquence.

Tebaldo blushed at this singular speech, for all eyes were directed towards him; but recovering himself almost immediately, he assumed that impassive Corsican physiognomy which defies observation, and rarely permits the feelings to be divined. He gracefully responded to the thanks of Madame de Belmont, who expressed her gratitude with all the energy of maternal tenderness. "Embrace Monsieur Lioncini," she said to her son, "but for him your mother would now be childless."

"Pray, Madame, do not speak of it again; I am but too happy to have rendered you a service, and I thank Heaven for it; any person, under the circumstances, would have acted as I have done."

"Mon Dieu, what would have become of me if you had not been here to save him?" she said. "How would I have dared to appear before M. Belmont? Oh, Monsieur, if our only child had been drowned, and through my carelessness, I should have gone mad or died of grief."

"Do you understand, you naughty fellow?" said Tebaldo, caressing him. "Henceforth obey your mother, if you would avoid giving her pain. But, Madame," he continued, desirous of turning the conversation, "have you no repugnance to living in our country? You must have heard many unfavorable accounts of it!"

"Ah, but I shall meet my husband there, from whom I have been a long time separated," she replied, "and then, if I had conceived any unfavorable prejudices against the Corsican character, to-day would remove them."

"Oh! we are not so black as we are painted," said Tebaldo, smilingly, "we can appreciate merit and sympathize with all that is good and noble; and then, there is a charm in our picturesque landscapes and uncultivated soil."

"Uncultivated! Not near so much so as I imagined," replied Mme. Belmont, gazing on the verdant shores which seemed to glide before her like figures in a magic lantern; "these fields and vineyards appear to me in excellent condition."

"It must be confessed, Madame, that Cape Corso is better cultivated, and consequently more productive than any other part of the island, and that its peasantry are more civilized and industrious; but everywhere you will find a fertile soil, an agreeable temperature, and exquisite prospects. We possess some magnificent forests—those of Vizzanova and Aitona for example—where the trees are not less than a hundred feet high and eight feet in diameter, and where they wither and die without the woodman's axe being ever raised against them. We have also many quarries of variegated marble, granite, porphyry, and verd-antique, which can be

worked to great advantage when the roads are finished, which will be soon."

"I know," said Madame de Belmont, "that you have mineral springs of great efficacy, for my husband, who has suffered much from the consequences of a wound he received some time ago, went last year to drink the waters of Guango, and experienced great benefit from them."

"We have besides," said Tebaldo, who took pleasure in expatiating on the resources of his country, "the waters of Petricola and Orezza and the baths of Caldanicia, which are superior to those of Vichy. Invalids flock to them every year from all parts of the island, and even from Italy itself. In contrast to these warm springs, others are to be found of an icy temperature at all seasons, and on the road from Corte to Ajaccio there is a fountain of wonderful clearness, into which it is impossible to plunge your hand three times consecutively without having it frozen. I say nothing of our steep rocks, our profound grottoes, our impenetrable woods; I do not speak of our shores, so full of fish that the Neapolitan fishermen come here to cast in their nets; nor of the excellence of our fruits; but if you travel through our country, Madame, you will find in it all the productions of temperate climates, joined to those of the burning region of Africa, and you will be convinced that when Providence was distributing His gifts Corsica came in for a large share."

"I am persuaded of that already," said the lady; "but see," she continued, pointing to an ancient looking structure near the shore, "can you tell me the name of yonder ruined building?"

"That is Seneca's house, Madame, or at least the one he is supposed to have dwelt in during his long exile, the bitterness of which undoubtedly inspired these satirical verses, in which he has treated us so harshly."

"And these remains of towers, placed at equal distance apart?"

"They were built to protect the island from Moorish pirates, whose descents, formerly very frequent, were always followed by terrible misfortunes. Now that the Corsicans have nothing to fear from these miscreants, the towers have become useless, and are allowed to fall in ruins."

"What a lovely day!" exclaimed the lady; "how pure the sky—how calm the waves! I experience a feeling of happiness and contentment greater than I can express, for my beloved child is safe within my arms, and I shall soon see his father; and it is to you I owe all this happiness, M. Lioncini."

"To God, Madame," said Tebaldo, impressively, "for it is from Him that all our happiness proceeds."

"You are a good and noble young man," she said, with emotion; "may my son one day resemble you."

"You will make me blush," he replied, laughingly, "and I would rather continue my local details than do that, for it would only show you how ignorant I am of the world and its usages. Look, Madame, at that mass of rocks covered with stunted arbutus. It is the Isle of Capraia, which certainly contains more goats than men, and whose rocky shores seem made expressly for such inhabitants. But do you see, a little further off, that verdant land, where for some time past they have been working iron mines. Napoleon, in his incredible activity, built, during his short reign on that little island, those splendid roads which to-day constitute its prosperity."

"Ah, what a grand remembrance you have now called up," said Madame Belmont, "and how you Corsicans must love your Bonaparte!"

his compatriots had a right to expect. He forgot his true country for his adopted one; yet, perhaps he could not have acted differently; he was too much occupied with vast projects to think of advancing what may be called the private interests of Corsica."

"Is there not another island a little farther off?" inquired Madame Belmont, who was a little near-sighted.

"That is Monte Cristo, which is even more sterile than Capraia, and entirely deserted. Formerly holy religious had the courage to take up their abode in these absolute solitudes. They built a convent there, and with infinite labor cleared some acres of miserable land, which yielded sufficient for their limited wants; but one day the Saracens landed on the shore, massacred all the monks in the chapel, who died like martyrs praying for their executioners, and then took possession of the ornaments of the church and the sacred vessels, which constituted the sole wealth of the community. A herd of goats escaped from them and took refuge in the woods, where they became wild, and multiplied prodigiously; and these are now the only living creatures on this island, which formerly echoed the praises of the Almighty. Once in a while the Italian hunters seek that sterile shore, pursue the goats, kill a large number, and return laden with skins. Monte Cristo, as well as Elba and Capraia, belonged to Tuscany."

Casanova and other passengers taking seats near them, the conversation became general. Tebaldo amused himself playing with little George, who had climbed on his knee, when Madame Belmont, addressing him, said, with a gracious smile:

"Monsieur Loncini, you who know everything, can you tell me the name of that chapel by the sea-shore?"

"The Madonna della Vesina," replied Tebaldo, gloomily, for the bitter remembrance of his dying mother rose suddenly before him, and removing George abruptly, he hurried from the company.

"Mon Dieu! what has happened to Monsieur Loncini, that he should leave us in that way?"

"His mother died there," said Casanova, pointing with his finger to a miserable cabin—"died of grief and fatigue, and the young man returns to Corsica to revenge his father and mother, for Loncini is a brave fellow."

"To revenge!—how?" asked Madame Belmont.

"By the law of retaliation," replied Casanova, going through the form of taking aim; "blood must have blood, and Loncini is as good a marksman as he is a swimmer."

"And will so good a young man become a murderer? Impossible!"

"If he does not revenge his parents he will be dishonored, and the disgrace will reflect upon the entire family."

"Oh, what a frightful state of society! That young man so religious, so gentle, and so intelligent, steep his hands in blood! Oh, never—never!"

"You do not know us yet," replied Casanova, with a triumphant air; "we are men, we mountaineers."

"Gentlemen," cried the Captain, "see to your baggage; we are at our destination."

Bastia displayed to the travellers its very best aspect—the Place St. Nicholas, the Palais de Justice, the entire ninth quarter where the merchants exhibit their goods in order to attract customers. But when they entered the port the dilapidated houses presented a less agreeable prospect.

The mode of landing at Bastia is very inconvenient, being effected by means of a boat which brings the passengers up to the quay, the steamer not being able to reach the landing-place. Tebaldo being aware of this, hastened to assist Mme. Belmont, and render her [all those little attentions that women know so well how to appreciate.

"Monsieur," she said when bidding adieu, "if my husband or I can ever prove useful to you in any way, command us. Reckon upon us always as true friends, and

never forget that our gratitude is yours forever."

CHAPTER IX. THE BANDIT.

The first friend that greeted Tebaldo was M. Cafarelli.

"Come, my dear boy," said the warm-hearted old man; "come, your apartment is ready, and all are anxious to see you."

Cordial and gracious was the welcome the traveller received from Mme. and Mlle. Cafarelli, and anxious as he was to visit his mother's grave at Madonna della Vesina, he found it impossible to escape from their attentions.

The next morning at daybreak Tebaldo began his pilgrimage, accompanied by Signor Cafarelli. Their way lay past the house formerly occupied by the Baroness, and the conversation naturally turned upon her virtues.

"We have never ceased to regret her," said Cafarelli; "for who could replace that excellent lady? The amount of good she did is beyond calculation."

When they reached the cemetery, Tebaldo entered and spent some time in prayer at the grave. Returning, he said to his companion, "I wish my mother's remains were placed beside my father's in the family tomb. Will you, my dear sir, have the kindness to take the necessary steps for that purpose?"

"That I will; and now, my young friend, let me give you a little advice. Believe me, you will be placed in a most difficult position, and you must act with prudence and caution. Annunziata is courageous and enterprising, but I am afraid she will not be a wise counsellor. Force her to be patient, and, above all, do not allow her to urge you to act rashly. Your enemies are wary and on their guard."

"If you allude to the Fabianos," said Tebaldo, "I wish to explain, once for all, my intentions with regard to them, and to you, above all, who are a man of sense, and can comprehend me. Let them be guilty or not of my father's death, the law has acquitted them, and I ought to look upon them as innocent. To him alone who can fathom all hearts and judge all actions the right of vengeance belongs. They have nothing to fear from me, and I promise you that I will not do them the least injury."

"Alas!" said the old man, who had listened attentively to his words, "promise nothing. Your sentiments are praiseworthy, without doubt, and Corsican as I am I approve of them from the bottom of my heart; but you have forgotten your country I fear. Still, if you would live in Bastia—but Piovola! Oh, you do not know that race of men. You remember little Buonavita? He was about sixteen or seventeen when you met him at my house. He was brought up on the Continent, and there acquired useful learning and different habits of thought. Well he returned to the mountains, was there insulted, and for a time endured it patiently. But there was a general outcry against what they called his effeminate manners; every one gave him the *rimbeccio*, and at last he sent a challenge to his adversary, who only laughed at him, for the duel is not received among us. Civilization struggled for a time against popular prejudices, but civilization was conquered at last, and Buonavita is now in the woods. He has killed his enemy."

"Popular prejudice may conquer civilization," said Tebaldo, "but religion will triumph even over prejudice."

"I hope so," replied Cafarelli, in a tone expressive of doubt, and the conversation turned into another channel.

Towards evening, the shepherd sent by Annunziata to guide her nephew on his way home arrived, and early the following morning he bade adieu to his hospitable friends, with a promise of seeing them soon again.

The young Corsican was a fearless rider, accustomed from infancy to the saddle, yet

To give the *rimbeccio* is to reproach a Corsican with not having revenged himself.

was he frequently obliged to dismount and lead his horse, so steep and dangerous was the road, for the peasant had taken him over rocks and precipices, that he might not pass the tree stained with the blood of his father. The guide rode on before, his dog by his side, and his gun over his shoulder. About noon they stopped at a miserable cabin, built of logs; the shepherd whistled in a peculiar manner, and a man, armed to the teeth, came out and approached the travellers, after having carefully fastened the door—an extraordinary precaution in a country where the greater number of the houses close only with a latch, and where some have not even doors on the ground floor, unless the owner is at enmity with some one.

"Welcome, welcome, Signor Loncini; do you not know your old friend Burica? How tall and strong you have grown. It is a pleasure to see you looking so well."

Tebaldo had recognized the bandit, but the meeting was far from agreeable to him, and he felt angry with the shepherd for having entrapped him into it. However, he made the best of the affair, and shook hands with Burica, for he remembered many kindnesses he had received from him in former days.

"Come and take some refreshment," said Burica, leading the young man towards an immense stone on which provisions were laid, brown bread, raw onions, goat's milk cheese, and a haunch of venison baked under the ashes. To this was added a bottle of wine, brought by Burica from the mysterious cabin. Tebaldo had a great desire to refuse this rural repast, but he was suffering from hunger, and beside, he feared that he might offend the quick susceptibility of Signor Burica. Still the favorite pupil of the Abbe Duhamel felt ill at ease in such strange society, while the bandit, on the contrary, was delighted at the return of Tebaldo, and questioned him again and again on all he had seen and learned. At first he replied with a good deal of reserve, but when Burica spoke of Antonio Loncini, of Annunziata, and of Clarita, whom he called the angel of Piovola, Tebaldo became more communicative.

"Are you not tired of the wandering outlaw life you have been so long leading?" he ventured to say, wishing to render the interview useful to Burica by suggesting some salutary thoughts.

It was some moments before the bandit replied. "You know what has brought me to my present condition," he said at length; "I was obliged to choose between a long imprisonment and the life I now lead. I did not take long to decide, for I love liberty and the free air of heaven above everything in this world. Here I am absolute master, the forest is my kingdom, my subjects are all who require my services or dread my anger, and that is a large number. I raise contributions wherever I please, and not one from whom I have demanded it ever refused to furnish me with powder and lead—nay, they even anticipate my wishes; and I do not want for money, though 'tis little I care for it."

"And the Corsican voltigeurs?" said said Tebaldo.

"I laugh at them as I do at the *gendarmes*. They are not cunning enough to trap me; I sleep sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, as it seems good to me. To-day I am here, and to-morrow I am fifteen leagues away; sometimes in impassable woods, and sometimes on inaccessible mountain tops. Where could they take me? And besides, am I not always advised beforehand of their marches and countermarches? And have I not my faithful dog, who could scent them a league off?"

"But this lonely life?"

"Lonely? Not as much so as it seems; at the present moment above all," interrupted Burica, smiling maliciously as he glanced towards the cabin. "However, to speak frankly, there are moments in which I weary of all these advantages, and I believe that in three years I will make an

end of it, marry, and return once more to every-day life."

"I hope so, with all my heart," replied Tebaldo; "for, to tell you the truth, were I in your place, I would not feel easy about my eternal salvation while I led such a life."

"Why?" inquired Burica. "I war only with the wicked, and render a service to my friends wherever I can. Nevertheless, what you have said merits reflection," he added, in a grave tone, "and I will think of it at leisure."

The repast once over, Tebaldo and his guide mounted their horses, for they wished to reach Piovola before night. Burica insisted on accompanying them out of the ravine, but before setting out he returned to the hut, and Tebaldo, looking through the foliage of the trees, thought he saw another individual, armed in the same manner as Signor Burica. The two men exchanged a few words, in a low tone, and then Burica joined them, followed by an enormous dog. Tebaldo asked no questions, for he knew that the Corsicans, though naturally inquisitive, cannot bear to be interrogated about their private affairs. Still he could not avoid a natural feeling of curiosity when he thought of the carefully guarded cabin, but he controlled it; he could not mistrust Burica, who was a tried friend of his family, and he had never heard an instance of a Corsican betraying his friend.

The young man then led the conversation to an edifying subject; spoke of the happiness of a truly Christian life, and the pleasures enjoyed in the home circle, to which the bandit listened with pleased attention.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE BLOW-PIPE AND ARROWS OF GULANA.

When a native of Macoushia goes in quest of feathered game or other birds, he seldom carries his bow and arrows. It is the blow-pipe he then uses. This extraordinary tube of death is perhaps one of the greatest natural curiosities of Gulana. It is not found in the country of the Macoushi. Those Indians tell you that it grows to the south-west of them, in the wilds that extend between them and the Rio Negro. The reed must grow to an amazing length, as the part the Indians use is from ten to eleven feet long, and no tapering can be perceived in it, one end being as thick as the other. It is of a bright yellow color, perfectly smooth both inside and out. It grows hollow; nor is there the least appearance of a knot or joint throughout the whole extent. The natives call it Ourah. This, of itself, is too slender to answer the end of a blow-pipe; but there is a species of Palma, larger and stronger, and common in Gulana, and this the Indians make use of as a case, in which they put the Ourah. It is brown, susceptible of a fine polish, and appears as if it had joints five or six inches from each other. It is called Samourah, and the pulp inside is easily extracted by steeping it for a few days in water.

Thus the Ourah and Samourah, one within the other, form the blow-pipe of Gulana. The end which is applied to the mouth is tied round with a small silk grass cord, to prevent its splitting; and the other end, which is apt to strike against the ground, is secured by the seed of the Anero fruit, cut horizontally through the middle, with a hole made in the end, through which is put the extremity of the blow-pipe. It is fastened on with string on the outside, and the inside is filled up with wild beef-wax.

The arrow is from nine to ten inches long. It is made out of the leaf of a species of palmtree called Concoure, hard and brittle, and pointed as sharp as a needle. About an inch of the pointed end is poisoned. The other end is burnt, to make it still harder, and wild cotton is put round it for about an inch and a half. It requires considerable practice to put on this cotton well. It must be just large enough to fit the hollow of the tube and taper off to nothing, downward. They tie it on with a thread of the silk grass to prevent its slipping off the arrow.

Dr. Imhoff, in a work presented to the Society of Natural History, at Bale, has estimated the number of insects now known at 560,000 species, Germany alone containing 14,000.

The Enchanted Island.

[The tradition in this beautiful little ballad is almost the same as that on which "The City of Gold" and "Hy-Brasil" are founded, except in point of locality—the scene of the latter being placed in the Atlantic, to the west of the Isles of Arran, while the "Enchanted Island" is supposed to be in the neighborhood of Keshlin Island, off the north coast of the County Antrim. The name of the island, which has been spelled a different way by almost every writer on the subject, is supposed to be derived from EAGH-ERIN, or "the Fort of Erin," as its situation, commanding the Irish coast, might make it not unsuitably be styled "the fortress of Ireland."—See LEONARD'S TOPOGRAPHIA HIBERNICA.]

To Rathlin's Isle I chanced to sail,
When summer breezes softly blew,
And there I heard so sweet a tale,
That oft it wished it could be true.

They said, at eve, when rude winds sleep,
And hushed is every turbid swell,
A mermaid rises from the deep,
And sweet tunes her magic shell.

And while she plays, rock, dell and cave,
In dying falls the sound retain,
As if some choral spirits gave
Their aid to swell her witching strain.

Then summoned by that dulcet note,
Uprising to 'th admiring view,
A fairy island seems to float
With tints of many a gorgeous hue.

And glittering fables and lofty towers,
All on this fairy isle are seen;
And waving trees and shady bowers,
With more than mortal verdure green.

And as it moves, the western sky
Glowing with a thousand varying rays;
And the calm sea, tinged with each dye,
Seems like a golden field of blaze.

They also say, if earth or stono,
From verdant Erin's hallowed land,
Were on this magic island thrown,
Forever fixed, it then would stand.

But, when for this, some little boat
In silence ventures from the shore—
The mermaid sinks—hushed is the note,
The fairy isle is seen no more!

LIFE'S VALUE.

A STORY OF BRITANNY.

The scene of our little story opens in an apartment in an ancient castle in Brittany. The young proprietor is about to quit the abode of his forefathers to pursue schemes of ambition at court or in the great world. The family, consisting of the mother and two sisters, with the hero of the piece, are met together on this interesting occasion. But we will let the young gentleman relate what passed at the interview.

The time at length came when I should depart, and Joseph, opening the door gently, informed us that the *chaise de poste* was ready. This announcement was startling to my mother and sisters, who, in an agony of feeling, threw their arms around me.

"It is not yet too late!" they exclaimed, with tears; "renounce this intended journey. Oh, do not leave us!"

"My dearest mother," I replied, "at twenty years of age and the inheritance of a noble name I must make myself known in my native land. I must open a path to fame either in the army or at court."

"And when you are gone," said my poor mother, "what will become of me?"

"You will hear with pride and pleasure of your son's success!"

"And should I hear of his death in battle?"

"Well, of what use is life at my age," I replied, "but to gain honor and glory? Think rather of the time when I shall return a colonel—perhaps a marshal of France."

"And then?" said my mother.

"Why, then honor and respect will follow my steps wherever I go."

"And then?" pursued she.

"Then I will marry my cousin Henrietta; we shall find noble husbands for my sisters, and we will all live together in peace and happiness in these ancient halls of my ancestors."

"And why not commence this life of happiness from this moment?" said my mother. "Where is there a wider or fairer domain in Brittany than yours? Who claims a nobler name in the province? In the midst of your faithful vassals are you not sufficiently honored and beloved? Leave us not, my son!—leave not your friends, your sisters, your aged mother, whom you may never again behold! Go not to waste in the pursuit of vain glory,

or to shorten, by sorrows and disappointments, those youthful days that pass so rapidly. Life is a treasure, my beloved Bernard, and where can you enjoy it more than under the lovely sky of Brittany?"

As my mother spoke she led me to a window and pointed out the noble avenues of the ancient park, where the stately chestnuts were mingled with lilacs and woodbines, whose fragrant blossoms perfumed the air. Before the door stood the aged gardener and his family, whose saddened looks seemed to say, "Desert us not, our noble master—desert not those you are bound to protect!" Hortensia, my eldest sister, twined her arms around my neck, while Amelia, the youngest, taking up a volume of La Fontaine, pointed to an engraving, and with sobs placed the book in my hands. It was the fable of the "Two Pigeons." I started up, and extricated myself from their embraces, again exclaimed, "I must win honor and glory! Let me go, let me go!" and I rushed into the courtyard.

As I was about to ascend the carriage, a female figure appeared at the hall door. It was my cousin Henrietta. She wept not, spoke not, but, pale as marble, appeared sinking to the earth. She held a handkerchief in her hand, with which she waved me a last farewell, and then fell senseless. I rushed to her, raised her in my arms, and uttered the tenderest vows of love and constancy. But when I saw the color revisit her cheek, leaving her to the anxious care of my mother and sisters, I hastened back to the carriage without even turning my head. One look more at Henrietta and I felt I could not have left her. In a few minutes after the *chaise de poste* was rolling along the high road to Sedan.

For some time my thoughts were entirely filled with my beloved Henrietta, my weeping sisters, my dear mother, and all the happiness I felt I was leaving. But as the ancient turrets of Roche Bernard receded from my view, these saddening images seemed to vanish also, and were succeeded by the brilliant visions of glory and ambition. What airy castles rose before me as I leaned back in the rumbling vehicle! Riches, honors, dignities, nothing did I refuse myself as the just reward of my merit; and the scale ascending as I advanced on my journey, I was a duke, governor of a province and a Marshal of France, by the time I reached the inn at which I was to repose for the night. The voice of my servant, simply addressing me as *Monsieur le Chevalier*, forced me unwillingly to abdicate my newly-created dignity.

The next day, and for several succeeding ones, I indulged in the same intoxicating dreams, my journey being of some length. I was repairing to Sedan, to the residence of the Duke of C—, an old and tried friend of my father's, and the protector of the family. He had promised to take me to Paris and introduce me at the court of Versailles.

I reached Sedan at so late an hour that I could not think of presenting myself at the ducal chateau, and therefore installed myself for the night at the Arms of France, the best inn the town afforded, and the rendezvous of all the officers of the garrison. Sedan was then a fortified town; the very streets had a warlike appearance and the citizens a martial air that seemed to say to a stranger, "We are compatriots of the great Turenne!"

I supped at a *table d'hôte*, and took the opportunity of inquiring my way to the chateau, where I intended going in the morning.

"Any one will point it out to you," was the answer; "It is well known to the whole country. In that chateau expired one of our most celebrated men and bravest of warriors, Marechal Fabert."

And hereupon, as was natural among so many military heroes, the conversation fell upon the career of the Marechal. They spoke of his many gallant exploits, and of his singular modesty, which had made him refuse the titles of nobility and the rib-

bons of several orders offered to him by Louis XIV. Above all, they expatiated on his extraordinary good fortune, which had enabled him, without the aid of family interest—he being the son of an obscure printer—to raise himself from a common soldier to the rank of Marechal of France. It had appeared so extraordinary and unprecedented an elevation that even during the life of Fabert popular rumor had not been backward in attributing it to supernatural causes. It was currently reported that he dealt in magic, and it was even affirmed he had made a compact with Satan.

Our landlord, who, to the ignorance of a native of Champagne, added the credulity of a peasant of Brittany, gravely assured us, that a few moments before Fabert expired, a black man, unknown to any one in the chateau, had entered the chamber and carried off the marechal's soul, which, indeed, of right appertained to him, he having purchased it long before. Mine host also went on to state that from that period to the present time, upon each anniversary of Fabert's death, the black man was seen at midnight bearing a lighted torch in his hand. The recital enlivened our dessert, and we quaffed several bumpers of champagne to the familiar demon of the deceased marechal, hoping he might also take us under his protection, and give us similar triumphs to the battles of Collioure and Marfles.

The next morning, at an early hour, I repaired to the chateau of the Duke of C—. It was an immense and gloomy Gothic pile, which would not perhaps, at another time, have made much impression upon me, but I must confess that I now gazed upon it with a singular feeling of interest, as I called to mind the landlord's story.

The domestic who ushered me in told me his master was not yet visible. I gave my name, and was then left alone in an ancient hall, adorned with the trophies of the chase, and hung round with family portraits. I waited a considerable time, but no one appeared. "Is this brilliant career to commence by the antechamber?" exclaimed I, beginning to conceive the impatience of a discontented place-hunter. I had gone three times the round of the grim portraits, and had sedulously counted all the beams of the lofty ceiling, when I heard a slight noise in the wainscot, and found it to proceed from a half-closed door, moved by the wind. I pushed it gently open, and saw a small room, tastefully furnished, and from which a glass door opened into a magnificent park. I advanced, in order to enjoy the view from the window, when another object met my sight. Stretched on a sofa, whose back was turned to the door by which I entered, was a man, who, not observing me, rose hastily and rushed to the window. I then perceived that his face was bathed in tears, and that despair was marked in every feature. He remained for a moment motionless, his face buried in his hands, then, with rapid strides, began to pace the apartment. As soon as his eye fell upon me, he stopped and shuddered, while I, distressed at my intrusion, muttered some words in apology, and was about to withdraw.

"Who are you?—what brings you here?" he exclaimed, in a loud voice, and seizing my arm with violence.

"I am the Chevalier de Bernard, and I come!"

"I know, I know," he said, hastily; and taking my hand warmly, he made me sit down by him, and inquired with much interest about my family; spoke of my father, whom he appeared to have known so well, that I could not doubt my being in the presence of the master of the chateau.

"You are Monsieur de C—?" said I.

He rose, and replied, in an agitated tone, "I was once; but I am nothing—nothing now. Hush!—do not speak—do not ask any questions!"

"Permit me, at least," I ventured to say, "to assure you, that if the most devoted friendship can in any way lighten the affliction of which I have been an involuntary witness"—

"You are right," he replied, abruptly; "though you cannot change my doom, yet you may relieve my last wishes. That is the only service you can render me." *And he turned away.*

He closed the door carefully, and returned to his seat at my side, where I waited in trembling anxiety for the result. There was something awfully solemn in the tone of his voice, and an expression in his countenance I had never seen before. His face was deadly pale, while lightnings seemed to flash from his large dark eyes; and his features, worn by suffering, were frequently convulsed by a demoniac smile.

"What I am about to relate to you," he said at length, in a hollow tone, "will confound your reason. You will doubt—you will perhaps utterly disbelieve. Even I almost doubt at times still—at least I wish to do so; but the proof, the fatal proof, is too strong. Alas! are there not in all that surrounds us, in our very organisation itself, mysteries whose existence we are compelled to acknowledge without any powers of comprehending them?" He paused for a moment, as if to collect his ideas, pressed his hand to his brow, and continued—

"In this castle I first drew breath; and being a younger son, upon the elder born was of course to devolve all the wealth and honors of the house. Life was distasteful to me; I lived but in the future; and yet what a gloomy future appeared to my aching sight!

"I thus attained my thirtieth year, and I was still nothing—nothing; while I daily heard of colossal reputations, whose fame reached even this remote province. 'I will try the career of letters?' I exclaimed; 'let me win fame in any way, for fame alone is happiness.'"

"The only confidant of my chagrin was an aged negro, who had been in the chateau even before my birth. Indeed, he was so old, that nobody remembered his coming; and it was said he had been present at the death of Marechal Fabert."

Here an involuntary start of surprise, which I could not repress, made my companion pause. "Go on," I said; "it is nothing;" but, notwithstanding, I thought of the black man described by the old landlord.

"One day," continued Monsieur de C—, "I gave way before Yago (so the old negro was called) to the despair of my soul, at the shameful obscurity in which I dragged on my days. 'I would give ten years of my life,' I exclaimed, 'to become a celebrated author!'

"Ten years!" said Yago, coldly; "it is paying dear for such a trifle. However, I accept your offer. The ten years are mine. Keep your promise; you will find me true to my word."

"I will not attempt to depict my astonishment at this speech. However, after a moment's reflection, I naturally concluded that age had enfeebled his intellects; and, with a smile of pity, left the room, and in a few days after the chateau. I arrived in Paris, and soon found myself in the most distinguished literary society of the metropolis. Encouraged by their approval, I published several works. My success exceeded my most flattering dreams. The journals of Paris, of France, of even foreign nations, rung with my name; yourself, even yesterday, young man, acknowledged the power of my genius."

"How!" I exclaimed, with astonishment; "you are not, then, the Duke of C—?"

"No," he replied, coldly.

"What favored son of genius, then, stands before me?" said I.—"Marmontel? D'Alembert? Voltaire?"

The unknown, with a smile of contempt, continued his recital—

"The literary fame I enjoyed, unbounded as it was, could not satisfy a soul like mine. I longed for nobler triumphs, and could not help exclaiming to Yago, who had followed me to Paris, 'Oh, there is no real glory but that which is gained on the battle-field! What is a philosopher—a

"We are proud of him," replied Tebaldo, "but he did not do for his country all that

poet?—nothing! Speak to me of a hero! What are the poet's bays compared to the laurel wreath of a conqueror? To purchase that, I would willingly give ten years more of my life."

"I agree to the bargain," said Yago. They are mine also. Do not forget."

"At this period of the narrative, the unknown paused, for he observed the astonishment expressed in my countenance."

"I told you," he said, "you would not believe. You think it a dream, as I, alas! did once. But the honors I won, the triumphs I gained—squadrons led to meet the fire of the enemy—fortresses carried by my skill—standards seized by my bravery—victories that were echoed through the world; these were not dreams—no! that glory was real, and that glory was mine!"

"He paced the room with rapid strides, and his cheeks flushed with the vehemence of his discourse, while I muttered to myself, 'Who, then, is this renowned warrior? Coigny? Richelieu?—perhaps Marshal Saxe himself.'"

The fever of enthusiasm passed away, and the unknown sunk again into despondency.

"Yago spoke truly," he continued, in a low and mournful tone. "I was soon wearied with the vain incense of military fame, and perceiving there was but one thing real and substantial in the world, I purchased, by five years more of my existence, the riches I coveted. Yes, young man, it is true, though incredible—I saw my wealth increase beyond my most sanguine desires. Lands, forests, castles, all were mine; even this morning I thought myself—but no matter; you will soon be convinced of the truth—oh, how soon!"

He approached the clock on the chimney, and looked at it with a terrified gaze, then continued, rapidly:

"This morning, on awaking at daybreak, I felt a degree of exhaustion throughout my whole frame that alarmed me. I rang my bell, and Yago answered my summons. 'What is the matter?' I exclaimed; 'I am faint.' 'It is but the course of nature,' he answered, calmly. 'Master, the hour approaches—it is come.' 'What hour?' I cried, in surprise."

"Do you not divine it?" said Yago. "Heaven allotted as your portion sixty years of existence. You had lived thirty of them when I first became your slave."

"Yago," I cried, "you are jesting with me!"

"No, master, no; in five years of life you have expended twenty-five to purchase glory. They became my property, and will be added to the term of my existence."

"That, then," I cried, "was the price I paid for your services!"

"Others have paid dearer," he answered boldly; "for instance, Fabert, whom I served also."

"This false; 'tis false!" I exclaimed, vehemently.

"You will find it true, my master," said the black; "you have but half an hour to live."

"Oh, say not so, Yago; you are deceiving me!"

"Calculate yourself," he answered; "thirty-five years that you have actually lived, and twenty-five lost. The account is square. It is my turn now; every one their own, is but justice."

"He turned to go, but feeling myself gradually sinking, I exclaimed in despair, 'Oh, Yago, Yago! give me but a few hours more!'"

"They would be deducted from mine," said he; "and I know the value of life better than you did. What treasure is equal to two hours of existence?"

"A dark cloud seemed to pass before my eyes, and the chill of death was in my veins. With a last effort I gasped out, 'take back the wealth for which I have paid so dear. Give me but four hours more of life, and I resign my lands, my castles, my gold—all, all!'"

"You have been a kind master," said he, after a pause; "I wish to do something in gratitude." I felt my courage revive, and

ventured to say, "four hours are almost nothing; Yago, Yago, grant me some more in addition, and I resign the literary fame that placed my name so high in the world!"

"Four hours of life for such a bagatelle as that!" said the negro, with disdain; "but for your sake I will not refuse your last request."

"Oh! say not my last," said I, emboldened by his compliance; "give me the twelve hours complete—one more day—and let the fame of my battles and victories be forever effaced from the memory of mankind. One day, Yago—one day, and I am willing to resign all else."

"You abuse my good nature," he said; "but I will not refuse. I give you till sunset. Farewell! with the last beam of day I come to fetch you." "And left me," continued the unknown, in the accents of despair; "and this is the last day I have to remain on earth."

He rushed to the window and pointed to the park. "I shall never again behold that lovely sky, that verdant lawn, that silvery stream, nor ever again breathe the balmy air of spring. Fool—fool that I was; the blessings that God lavishes upon all were mine also, and I despised them! Now I know their inestimable value; and I might have enjoyed them for twenty-five years longer; and in a few hours I must leave them forever! I have squandered my life for a vain chimera—a sterile fame, that has perished even before myself. Look!" he cried, pointing to a group of peasants who, on their return to labor, filled the air with their joyous songs; "what would I not give to share their labors and poverty! But I have nothing now to hope for—not even labor and poverty." A bright sunbeam at this moment fell upon his pale and distorted features; he grasped my arm convulsively, and exclaimed, "Look—look at that glorious sun; and I must leave it forever! Ah! let me not lose a moment of this precious day, to which, for me, alas! there will be no tomorrow!" Thus saying, he rushed into the park, and disappeared among the foliage of a shady alley.

I threw myself upon the sofa, bewildered and oppressed by all I had heard and seen. Was it indeed a reality, or was I under the influence of some fantastic dream? The door was opened by a servant, who announced the Duke of C—

A noble-looking personage, of about sixty years of age, entered, and cordially taking my hand, apologized for having detained me so long. He had been compelled, he said, to attend a consultation of the faculty upon the state of his unfortunate brother.

"He is not in danger, I trust?" said I. "No," replied the duke, mournfully; "the disease is a mental one. From his youth he suffered the most extravagant ideas of glory and ambition to gain possession of his mind, till his frame, weakened by such violent emotions, was attacked by a fever in which his life was despaired of. He recovered, but his reason is, I fear, gone forever. The unhappy illusion under which he labors is, that he has but one day more to live."

All was explained.

"Now, my young friend," continued the Duke, "let us speak of your future prospects. Toward the end of the month I will be able to accompany you to court."

"I am fully sensible of your kindness, my lord," I replied; "but I have given up all idea of profiting by your generous offer."

"How is this?" exclaimed the Duke, in unfeigned surprise; "give up the advantages that are almost within your grasp!"

"I resign them all, my lord."

"Young man," said the Duke, "you know not what you do. Good Heavens! such a brilliant career open before you! In ten years!"

"Which would be ten years of my life lost," said I, with a smile.

"Lost!" cried the Duke; would it not be cheaply buying glory, fortune and honors? Come, come, you but jest; you will go with me to Versailles?"

"No, my lord," I replied, in a respectful but firm tone; I will return to Brittany, where I will ever retain a grateful sense of your lordship's goodness and condescension."

"This is madness—downright madness!" muttered the Duke, in a disappointed and angry tone.

"I feel it is sound reason," whispered I, as I thought of all I had heard and seen so lately.

The next morning I was on the road. Oh, with what inexpressible delight I beheld again the sweet sky of Brittany—the trees of my noble park—the turrets of my ancient castle! There I found my beloved mother, my sweet sisters, my faithful vassals; and there I found true happiness, which I have never since quitted. Eight days afterwards I was the husband of Henrietta.

EASTERN ETIQUETTE.—The natives of India attach more weight to form and ceremony than Europeans. It is obviously unnecessary to enter at length into their codes of etiquette, and it will be sufficient to mention a few things on which they lay great stress. It is considered highly disrespectful to use the left hand in salutation or in eating, or, in fact, on any other occasion when it can be avoided. Hindoos sometimes prostrate themselves with the arms stretched out and the hands joined; Muslims never. To remove the turban is disrespectful, and still more so not to put off the shoes on entering a strange house. Natives, when they make calls, never rise to go until they are dismissed, which, among themselves, is done by giving *betel* and sprinkling *tr*—rose essence, and with *Hindoos* by hanging wreaths of flowers around the visitor's neck, at least on great occasions. Discourteous Englishmen are apt to cut short a long visit by saying *Ad jao*—"Now go," than which nothing can be more offensive. The best way is to say, "Come and see me again soon;" or, "Always make a practice of visiting my house," which will be speedily understood. Or, to one much inferior one may say, *Rukhat lena*—"Leave to go," or, *Rukhat lijiye*—"Please to take leave." A letter closed by moistening the wafer or the gum with the saliva of the mouth should not be given to a native. The feet must not be put on a chair occupied by them, nor must the feet be raised so as to present the soles to them. One must avoid touching them as much as possible, especially their beards, which is a gross insult. If it can be avoided it is better not to give a native three of anything. Inquiries are never made after the female relations of a man. If they are mentioned at all, it must be as "house." "Is your house well?"—i. e., "Is your wife well?" There are innumerable observances to avoid the evil eye, and many expressions, seemingly contradictory, are adopted for this purpose. Thus, instead of our "Take away," it is proper to say, "Set on more;" and for "I heard you were sick," "I heard your enemies were sick." With Mahometans of rank it is better not to express admiration of anything they possess, as they will certainly offer it. In case of acceptance, they would expect something of more value in return. To approach a Hindoo of high estate while at his meals is to deprive him of his dinner; to drink out of his cup may deprive him of his caste, or seriously affect him with his caste-fellows. Leather is an abomination to Hindoos, as is everything made from the pig, as a riding saddle, to the Muslim. When natives of different ranks are present you must be careful not to allow them to sit whose rank does not entitle them, and to give to each his proper place. Hindoos in general will not kill insects, and a *rejah* will remove a bug from his turban and place it on your carpet with all care. To kill monkeys or peacocks may create a dangerous disturbance, as an order to put dogs to death produced a serious *emeute* among the Parsees in Bombay. Natives in general will not kill wolves. To kill a cow is, with the Hindoo, a crime of the first magnitude.

The Emperor Domitian was accustomed at his leisure hours, to shut himself up alone in his chamber, and there indulge in the amusement of sticking flies with a pin. A courtier inquiring one day if there was any one with the Cesar, "No one," said Vibius Crispus; "not even a fly."

A MODEST REQUEST.—When the Duke of Ormond was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, one of his friends applied to him for some preferment, adding that he was by no means particular, and was willing to accept either a bishopric or a regiment of horse, or to be made Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. This, however, is surpassed by Horace Walpole's anecdote of a humane jailor in Oxfordshire, who made the following application to one of his condemned prisoners: "My good friend, I have a little favor to ask of you, I doubt not you will grant. You are ordered for execution on Friday week. I have a particular engagement on that day; if it makes no difference to you, will you say *nez Friday*, instead?"

MUTUAL REMEMBRANCE.—Mr. Miller, of Baltimore, had occasion to find fault with one of his laborers, who had been improvident, and known better days. He was digging a drain, and he told him if he did not make better work, he should turn him off. The man was very angry, and throwing down his spade, called out in a tone of resentment, "Ye ar ower pridful, Davie Miller. I mind ye t' world when ye had neither cow nor ewe." "Very well," replied Mr. Miller, mildly, "remember you when you had both."

A FEELING HUSBAND.—A gentleman was waked in the night and told that his wife was dead. He turned round, drew the covers closer, pulled down his nightcap and muttered, as he went to sleep again: "Ah, how grieved I shall be in the morning!"

A Roman Captain, having gone over from the camp of Pompey to that of Cesar, declared to Cicero that he had come so hurriedly that he had not even thought of bringing his horse with him. "You have provided," replied Cicero, "much better for your horse's safety than for your own." After the defeat (thus foreseen) of Pompey on the covered Pharsalia, the Captain Nicias said to Cicero: "Be of good heart; we have yet left several eagles." "An excellent thing if we had fight with jays," replied the orator.

"That was a severe coughing fit," remarked the sexton to the undertaker, when they were taking a glass together. "Oh, 'tis nothing," said the undertaker, "it's only a little save a little which went down the wrong way," replied the undertaker. "Ah, ah, the just like you," said the sexton, "you always lay the coffin on the Bier."

The editor of the *Buffonian* says he was as soon try to go to sea on a shingle, make a ladder of a fog, chase a stream of lightning through a crab apple orchard, swim the rapids of Niagara, or set Lake Erie on fire with lucifer matches, as think of stopping two young people getting married when they take it in their heads to do so.

Footie, being once annoyed by a poor fellow "straining harsh discords" under his window, sent him a shilling, with a request that he would play elsewhere, as one *scraper* at his door was sufficient.

"If there is anybody under the canister heaven that I have in utter exasperation," said Mrs. Parlington, "it is the slanderer, who is like a boy constructor, circulating calumny upon honest folks."

"I thought you were born on the first of April," said a Benedict to his lovely wife who had mentioned the twenty-first as his birthday day. "Most people would think so from my choice of a husband," she replied.

"I didn't denounce you," said a saucy young fellow to an editor, "but only your subordinates; I merely made a fling at your state." "Well, sir, said the editor, stating the act to the word, then my staff shall be flung at you."

An honest Dutch farmer once wrote to Secretary of the Massachusetts Agriculture Society: "Gentlemen, you will have goodness to enter me on your list of cattle as a bull."

A doctor, detained in Court as a witness, complained to the Judge that if he were taken from his patients, they might die in his sense.

To a squire who was boasting of his horse speed, Sam Footie replied, "Fool, his horse can stand faster than yours can gallop."

All men who do anything must endure a precipitation of their efforts. It is the cow which their chariot wheels throw up.

During the late severe weather a cow said to have caught a cold, and that she yielded nothing but ice cream ever since.

"Have you much fish in your boat," said lady to a fisherman. "Yes, a good deal," the slippery reply.

What comes next to an oyster? The shell. A hard case, that."

How does a cow become a landed estate? By turning her into a field.

Why is whispering a breach of good manners? Because it is not aloud.

Why does a dog wag his tail when he is pleased? Because he has got a tail to wag.

Why are Cashmere shawls like deaf sons? Because we cannot make them hear.

The Catholic Missionary World.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

Its Inception, Organization, and Works.

STATISTICAL RECORD OF ITS PROGRESS AND FINANCES.

Fifteen Millions of Dollars Contributed in Pennies for Missionary Purposes.

There is no other organization now in existence, in which the clergy and laity are combined for a common object, which possesses in so eminent a degree many of the divine attributes of commission given by God Himself to the Church as the "Association for the Propagation of the Faith;" nor does any other similar body present so many of the beautiful proportions of the holy edifice itself as this. Central in unity of action, and undivided in plan as to the necessity and nature of the work to be accomplished, it is universally Catholic in its mission, and aids in the most vigorous manner the ministers of Christ to preach to and baptize all nations." Supported by the pecuniary subscriptions of millions of devout Catholics in all parts of the world, the aggregate amount of their small contributions—annually swelling to millions of dollars—may be regarded in some measure as typical of the great outpouring of prayer which ascends from the Catholic congregations of the earth during the holy Sacrifice of the Mass on Sundays, or at seasons when the church unlocks her treasures for the faithful, under certain conditions, and calls on them to unite in supplication for the attainment of some particular good, or the averting of some impending calamity. Comparing on its roll members individuals belonging to every age and every race on the surface of the globe, no sentiment of division of opinion ever sues from its ranks, thus affording a testimony in every clime, that with "one baptism holds one, and only one faith." The annual sessions sent by the Society to the aborigines of the Australian continent, the interior of China, the native Indian tribes of America, the savages of Africa, and the cannibals of the South Sea Islands prove, in the most convincing manner, that all beings created by God are alike objects of its care and solicitude, and afford living evidences to the world at the Catholic Church alone brings forth leaders who are willing to really "take up the cross of Christ," and "follow him even to martyrdom."

In presenting our readers with a retrospective *resume* of the foundation and brilliant success of the "Society for the Propagation of the Faith," we may justly premise our account with the remark that it is no small honor, as well as consolation, to the Catholics of America to be able to assert that one of our Bishops—the Right Rev. Dr. Du Bourg, New Orleans—furnished the most energetic aid it may have been inspired—to our brethren in France in elaborating the grand idea which has produced such glorious results. A lady of rank and wealth was the immediate foundress of the "Association," about the same time that she accomplished the vocation of Catholic union of the "Living Rosary," and Bishop du Bourg, then greatly concerned for the Catholic missions in Louisiana, gave her powerful aid in her pious work, at the same time the seminary of "Foreign Missions" in Paris took up the question of missions to Asia, Africa, and America, with fervor unequalled since the days of the Dominicans and Franciscans in the middle ages, and those of the Jesuits at the period of the Protestant heresy. Thus we see that the time was propitious for the work, and laborers were found worthy of both; so that although the American people have since then, when compared with those of other lands, sent less small sums to the general fund of the Association, it is a great glory for them to say that their religious wants and demands furnished a great impelling cause to the permanent organization of the body—a consummation directed by a pastor of one of their own dioceses.

It will be remembered that previous to the formation of the "Association for the Propagation of the Faith" the Seminary of Foreign Missions in Paris—a body created by the Order of Jesus—maintained powerful missions in India, China and North America; but the liberal philosophers of the middle of the eighteenth century, who were to laugh "Jesus

Christ from earth," dispersed and disorganized the Jesuit body, and when it went down for a time the missions which it supported tottered along with it. This was the sad consequence of relying on one country alone for missionary aid to the remainder of the world; but France, still Catholic at heart, was not to blame for the evil, and her people have since made noble atonement to the world for the sins of their fathers in this respect by a generous and sincere support of the Association of which we write.

The good seed was replanted in France in 1815, when Bishop du Bourg took charge of the Diocese of New Orleans, extending all over the western valley of the Mississippi, and returned to his native soil to seek aid from France for his mission. A pious widow of Lyons, whose acquaintance he had made in America, replied to his call and founded a "Society for the Aid of the Catholic Church in Louisiana." A franc a year was named as the annual subscription, and so many pious French people soon joined the body that Bishop du Bourg was assured of regular assistance at stated intervals. This was in some measure the parent seed from which the wonderful "Association" germinated. The "Society of Foreign Missions" was not idle, however, and appealed at the same time to all France for succor. Trifling stated contributions were sent in; but although the project was acknowledged as feasible, it languished for want of a directing hand. This was soon put forth by a woman—a woman so full of faith that she triumphed in the path which seemed too rough for priest and prelate.

Twelve of the most prominent names in the two bodies—the "Louisiana Aid Society" and the Paris "Society of Foreign Missions"—met in council in Paris on the 3d of May in the year 1822, and, having invoked the aid of the Holy Ghost, the sufferings of the Catholics in America were portrayed by a clergyman, who concluded by proposing "the establishment of a great Association for the support and encouragement of Catholic missions in both hemispheres." The resolution was adopted and a committee of three persons appointed to organize it. So that on that day—the Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross—the "Association for the Propagation of the Faith" was really founded. The new body absorbed the two which had been before in existence, and made a single and simple appeal to France for the Foreign Missions. A subscription of about one cent a week was demanded from members, accompanied with the prayer of "Our Father and a Hail Mary" devoutly repeated for the object of the body every day. Thousands soon joined and fixed on the plan of accumulating contributions without intricacy of accounts—one person in every ten receiving the contributions of the other nine and handing them, with his own, over to one of the chiefs of ten groups like his own, so that there was one person who thus collected each week the alms of a hundred associates. Ten more of similar rank to this one formed a "Division," one of whom took in weekly the subscriptions of each hundred and forwarded the amount to the central treasury of the Association.

This plan of collection has been little changed ever since, either in amount or routine of transmission, so that it is known to our readers, no matter in what country they may have been reared and confirmed in religion.

During the first year the collections in France came mainly from the Diocese of Lyons, and amounted to about five thousand dollars, which were mostly apportioned to the missionary wants of Asia and the Eastern countries, and those of Kentucky and Louisiana in America. Then was taken the important step of applying for the approbation of the Holy Father for the work. It was given by Pope Pius the Seventh, who granted to members of the "Association for the Propagation of the Faith" a plenary indulgence on the 3d of May—the birthday of the body—the 3d of December—the Feast of Saint Francis Xavier—and once a month at the choice of each person. The Prince de Croy, Archbishop of Rouen and Grand Almoner of France, was then President of the body, and the neighboring countries soon became interested in its welfare—Belgium, Sardinia, Switzerland, and even Turkey sending financial aid and cheering accounts to the Central Committee in the years of 1826 and 1827. Germany was enrolled on the list in 1828;

and from the West Indies and American quarter of the world, Martinique sent in its collection in 1830, as did Africa, represented by the Catholics of the Isle of Bourbon, in the same year.

From these beginnings the Society, never deviating from its original object or simple rules, has gone extending itself all over the world until it is now known as an Institution in France, Belgium, Ireland, England, Italy, Bavaria, Prussia, America, Africa, China, Australia, Turkey, and even Russia. So that the Catholic sentiment of every race on earth finds joyful expression every week in the subscribing of that blessed mite the united totals of which is destined to bear the knowledge of Salvation by the Cross to the remotest corners of the earth. What more conclusive refutation could be given to such malignant calumnies as "Catholicity is on the decline," "the spirit of the Catholics is weaker," "their faith in the Church wavers," and, as said lately by The London Herald—congenial organ of Lord Derby, the modern Herod of the Doon extermination—"the Catholics of Ireland are falling away from the Church," than the publication of the fact that the penny subscriptions of the faithful to the "Association for the Propagation of the Faith" exceeds over a million of dollars annually, of which Ireland pays in almost fifty thousand dollars? It is also well known that from the Plains of Connemara to the sides of the Kerry mountains, and from the fields of Leinster to the wild "Rosses" of Donegal, no week passes that the communities of Irish donors, rich and poor, do not unite in invoking God's blessing in support of the directors of the "Association" and their intentions.

Should any of the enemies of the Church still doubt our assertions, let them just read the "Annals" of the body, published in every known tongue, and they will find the most minute statistical details furnished for their conviction. In these papers they will not see claim made to extraordinary grace or glory no high sounding chapter recounting deeds done or sufferings endured, no long lists of royal or titled benefactors, but statements of sober truths, ascribing all the glory to God on High, to the Propaganda in Rome, the prayers of the people, and the devotedness of the Priests.

THE ANNUAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT

of the "Society for the Propagation of the Faith" is one of the most cheering papers ever given to the world, and in this light we present to our readers to-day a recapitulation of its totals, with the grand total received from the year 1822. It will be borne in mind that the amounts published in the "Annals," in French money (francs), have been brought down for the readers of the RECORD to dollars and cents. The following is the money exhibit:—

Years.	Amount Received.
1822.....	\$4,759 00
1823.....	18,827 29
1824.....	14,450 30
1825.....	24,517 60
1826.....	38,972 60
1827.....	50,959 20
1828.....	52,238 40
1829.....	70,737 40
1830.....	58,616 40
1831.....	61,781 20
1832.....	61,945 00
1833.....	70,887 00
1834.....	80,940 40
1835.....	108,363 00
1836.....	145,973 40
1837.....	150,420 00
1838.....	183,725 00
1839.....	378,136 40
1840.....	434,715 60
1841.....	530,445 20
1842.....	646,697 20
1843.....	714,617 70
1844.....	708,350 60
1845.....	741,512 30
1846.....	715,125 00
1847.....	707,357 40
1848.....	569,138 20
1849.....	612,168 20
1850.....	610,245 00
1851.....	664,175 60
1852.....	665,094 70
1853.....	751,029 10
1854.....	744,593 85
1855.....	745,068 00
1856.....	751,015 54
1857.....	838,345 25
1858.....	1,042,215 40

Total amount from 1822 to 1858.....\$8,954,952 20
Total amount from 1849 to 1858.....1,651,659 60
Total amount from 1840 to 1849.....\$4,538,997 20
Total amount from 1830 to 1839.....7,068,311 93

Grand Total.....\$15,598,123 65

Thus we find that, from the small beginning in Paris in the year 1822, the humble Catholics of the world have subscribed more than fifteen millions of dollars to the "Society for the Propagation of the Faith."

* This large increase is explained by the fact that of late years, when a jubilee has been proclaimed, the Pope has recommended that alms should be given to the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, so that in every church throughout the Catholic world contributions are offered for this great object.
† Estimated very low.

We use the word "humble" as applied to the amount given, for it must be borne in mind that the weekly average does not exceed two cents for each person, and that it is handed in for this pious object independent of the local subscriptions of the donors for church building, general charities and educational purposes.

The large sums of money received by the German Society for the Propagation of the Faith, called the "Leopoldine Society," which has its headquarters in Vienna, as well as the great amounts collected by the kindred "Canadian Society," are not embraced in our present totals, but will form interesting material for a separate article hereafter. It is enough to say that the mode of collection and amount of individual subscriptions in both bodies are similar to those in the parent organization, and it is not too much to assert that the funds may be taken at millions of dollars also.

Are the Catholics indifferent in the cause of the Church? We think that any candid American who reads this digest of the annals of the Society will at once say "No"—more particularly when he reflects on all they have done and are now doing in the United States and Canada in addition to their support of the body. Let us look at the financial statement of the Society for the year 1858, and see where the money came from, and we at once behold an evidence of that grand unity of faith and charity which binds the Church in communion in every quarter of the world. France in that year gave \$516,702 80, and Guatemala, in Central America, \$25; Mexico sent \$33,740 20, and San Francisco, \$399,058 60; Brazil forwarded \$490,016 60; Belgium, \$47,824 60; Chili, in South America, \$2,222; while the Birman Empire in India gave \$60. England contributed about \$10,000, and Cochinchina—the scene of many missionary triumphs and persecutions—\$523. Greece, the South Sea Islands, Prussia, Italy, Australia, New Zealand, and every other part of the globe are represented on the books, and stand forward in grand contrast of religious finance to the puny efforts of the aimless and bigoted proselytizers who seek to convert the Sepoys in India by greased cartridges, and the Catholics of Ireland by greasy soup, landlord extermination, paupers' diet, and the articles of war as directed against the religious feelings and faith of the soldiers of the British army and navy.

The fund contributed to the "Society for the Propagation of the Faith" has been disbursed with a joyous liberality as extensive as the sources from which it was collected. Missionaries have been sent to all quarters of the earth, and sustained and encouraged by it. French priests have gone during the past year to China and Cochinchina, both north and southeast, and borne the words and banner of Catholic truth and salvation with great glory. Native Chinese, educated and ordained in Rome, have been sent from the Eternal City to the very heart of the Empire; Holy Sisters have been established in Constantinople and "Nazareth of Galilee," the Missionary Seminary of "All Hallows" in Ireland has given clergymen to various countries, including the United States; and all has been done by the wonderful multiplication of that Catholic two-cent subscription given in devout faith and with fervent prayers for the immediate success of the missions and the ultimate triumph of the only One Church which really "propagates the Faith of Christ on Earth."

FEMALE TELEGRAPH CLERKS.—At the first meeting of the London District Telegraph Company, it was mentioned that the number of applications for employment from highly respectable and well-educated young women had both astonished and grieved the directors, the highest pay being only ten shillings a week. The directors had engaged forty-five young women. The chairman said they would commence at nothing, and when they had obtained sufficient proficiency to transmit five words a minute, they were to receive five shillings a week; when they could give eight words a minute, they were to receive eight shillings per week; and ultimately they would get ten shillings a week when they would be enabled in turn to take command of an instrument.

A German prince, when introduced to an Englishman, by way of appropriately commencing the conversation, observed, "It is bad weather to-day." The Englishman shrugged up his shoulders, and replied, "Yes, but it is better than none." *London and Dublin Mail.*

Dedication of the Church of St. Aloysius de Gonzaga, at Washington.

SERMON OF THE MOST REV. ARCH-BISHOP OF NEW YORK.

The Necessity of Internal and External Worship.

[Reported expressly for THE METROPOLITAN RECORD.]

The dedication of the new church of St. Aloysius de Gonzaga, in Washington, D. C., was an occasion of more than usual interest and importance, not only to the inhabitants of the Federal Capital itself, but of a large number who came from Alexandria, Richmond, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and other cities. In fact, so great was the interest displayed, and so large the number of persons in attendance, that it was impossible, notwithstanding the spacious dimensions of the sacred edifice, for one-half the multitude to gain admission. There was among the large congregation a numerous representation of the chief officials of Washington, among whom we observed the President, Mr. Toney, Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Floyd, Secretary of War, Mr. Thompson, Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Black, Attorney General, Judge Douglas, Baron Gerault, Prussian Minister, and other representatives of foreign Courts.

The church, although of a plain exterior, is, in its internal decorations, second to none in the country. The architect is Father Sestini, S. J., who has brought to bear upon its embellishment the resources of an artistic genius of the highest order. The style of the edifice is the Grecian, and in its details all the classic purity of that order is preserved. The length of the building is one hundred and fifty-six feet, and its width sixty-five, while the height of the ceiling is fifty-six. The ground was donated by Mr. Ambrose Lynch, of Washington, and the structure cost sixty five thousand dollars. A very fine painting, representing St. Aloysius receiving his first communion from the hands of St. Charles Borromeo, forms the appropriate altar piece.

The ceremony of dedication was celebrated by Very Rev. Father Villiger, Provincial S. J., Rev. F. Maguire, S. J., officiating as Deacon, and Rev. Dr. Fulton as Sub-Deacon, the following reverend gentlemen assisting: Rev. Father Young, O. S. D.; Rev. Father Kelly, Provincial O. S. D.; Father Early, President of Georgetown College, S. J.; Father McGrath, O. S. D.; Father Blox, of St. Joseph's, Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. Ryder, S. J.; Rev. M. Alig, Pastor of St. Mary's, Washington; Rev. Father O'Toole, of St. Patrick's, Washington; Rev. Chas. King, S. J., of Loyola College, Baltimore; Father Duddy, Father Sestini, Father Noto, S. J.; Father Hoban, S. J.; Father Lynch, S. J.; Father Stone street, S. J., and many other members of the clergy.

The Most Rev. Archbishop, who was invited by the Jesuit Fathers to preach the dedication sermon, was accompanied by his Secretary, Rev. Francis McNierney. When the ceremony of dedication was concluded, the Archbishop ascended the pulpit and read from the 28th chapter of Genesis as follows:

And when he [Jacob] was come to a certain place, and would rest in it after sunset, he took of the stones that lay there, and putting under his head, slept in the same place.

And he saw in his sleep a ladder standing upon the earth and the top thereof touching Heaven; the angels also of God ascending and descending by it.

And the Lord leaning upon the ladder, saying to him: I am the Lord God of Abraham, thy father, and the God of Isaac; the land wherein thou sleepest, I will give to thee and to thy seed. And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth; thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south; and in thee and thy seed all the tribes of the earth shall be blessed.

And I will be thy keeper whithersoever thou goest, and will bring thee back into this land: neither will I leave thee, till I shall have accomplished all that I have said to thee.

And when Jacob awaked out of sleep he said: Indeed the Lord is in this place and I knew it not. And trembling he said: How terrible is this place! this is no other but the house of God and the gate of Heaven.

And Jacob, arising in the morning, took the stone which he had laid under his head and set it up for a pillar, pouring oil upon the top of it. And he called the name of the city Bethel, which before was called Luz.

And he made a vow, saying: If God shall be with me, and shall keep me in the way by which I walk, and shall give me bread to eat and raiment to put on.

And I shall return prosperously to my father's house: the Lord shall be my God.

And this stone which I have set up for a pillar, shall be called the house of God; and of all things that thou shalt give to me I will offer tithes to thee.

At the close of the foregoing text the Most Rev. prelate proceeded to the delivery of the sermon.

The consecration of a church, said the Most Rev. Archbishop, to the honor and glory of God and the spiritual interests of man is happily an event of frequent occurrence in our time and in our country. At the period when freedom was proclaimed throughout the land, religion was emancipated from every hindrance to its progress, and we have seen it in our own lifetime extending with the extent of population and increasing with its increase till wherever the country is inhabited you will find it dotted with temples erected to the living God, bearing on their summits the sign of the Cross, the symbol of our redemption. To-day you witness another instance of the same progress; to-day you behold the efforts of the zealous Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who have undertaken and toiled for the accomplishment of this work, crowned with success; to-day the contributions which you have generously offered to aid in carrying on the good work are brought together in the completeness of a church appropriate in its design for its sacred purpose and complete in its style, that reflects honor on those engaged in its erection. It has been finally dedicated by solemn rite and prayer to the adoration and worship of the Almighty, and from henceforth you may say with more reason than the Patriarch when he beheld the mysterious vision of a ladder resting on earth and reaching to heaven, while the angels were ascending and descending by its steps, "Terrible is this place. Truly the Lord is here, and I knew it not."

Whilst it is true, beloved brethren, that all our churches are dedicated under the patronage and invocation of some saint, it is to be remembered that the consecration is exclusively to God, but from the beginning it was customary for the Church to place the name of some martyr or apostle, and sometimes even under that of angels and archangels who had borne commission from the eternal throne as messengers to the human race. Nothing could be more proper in this instance than that the patron Saint of this church should be selected from the distinguished servants of God who were called in early life from the scenes of their virtues and their labors; nor is there one, considering that this church is built in connection with Christian education, who could have been selected more appropriately than the blessed, holy, and angelic youth St. Aloysius de Gonzaga. He is the dullest model for Christian young men that could be chosen in an age and under circumstances in which good models are advantageously placed for the contemplation of practical virtue, in which youth are acquiring those elements of knowledge and science best calculated to make them at once good Christians and good citizens. With these St. Louis of Gonzaga has always been a patron and a model. They have selected him, if one could so speak, as their favorite Saint, because he displayed those eminent virtues which rendered him so pleasing in the sight of God and authorized his being enrolled in the calendar of His Saints.

Thus the ceremony of this day brings up to your minds many things dear, and consoling to the human heart. The sanctification of the place, and even of the walls—so far as matter is susceptible of sanctity—the setting it apart especially for the celebration of the mysteries of our holy religion; the external rite by which it is linked into the chain of such consecrations, I will not say from the beginning of Christianity, but even from the beginning of the world, render it already venerable and sacred in Christian estimation. Of course I need not remark that the outward ceremony is symbolic of the consecration and the purity of those who are to worship in this place; that the holiness imparted to this material structure is relative, and that you who are to worship within its precincts are to be the true and living representatives of the sanctity which will render yourselves as well as this temple pleasing in the sight of our Divine Master.

Religion is the link which connects earth with heaven—the bond which unites man with his God. Religion in this life is internal and external, spiritual and corporeal, in harmony with the twofold nature in which God has created us. Without the interior spirit the external act would be but of little value in the Divine Presence. Without the external

act, so far as worship is public, religion would not be suited to our nature, however well it might accord with that of purely and exclusively spiritual beings. Unhappily, however, ideas have been and still are more or less prevalent calculated to disturb this admirable order of God's appointment as to the mode in which He desired that man should serve and adore Him. The co-operation of the human soul in every act of religion worthy of Heaven should proceed from the heart. This is admitted by all; but with regard to external worship attempts have been made to propagate the idea that it is of little or no consequence either for the glory of God or the fulfillment of man's religious duties. These ideas have not been formalized into any specific system, but they are uttered in words and writings, and unhappily reduced to practice by those who have ceased to be impressed with any deep sense of Christian doctrine, or Christian duty. According to them, God does not require either the erection of temples or external worship of any description. The whole universe is His appropriate temple, and they regard it as little less than superstition to construct temples or decorate them as if they were to be pleasing in the sight of His Majesty.

There are others still who have rejected this external worship on principle. They quote the words of our Saviour against it when He said, "God is a spirit, and they that adore Him must adore Him in spirit and in truth."

The object of the remarks which I am about to make will be to present a few of the grounds which are calculated to prove that those positions have no foundation either in reason or in revelation. When God created man He made him from the slime of the earth, and breathed into his body a living and immortal soul. It was through the senses of the body that man became visible and manifested the operations of his invisible soul. It was thus that he held communion with God and with the material world, of which he had been created the earthly sovereign. In the Garden of Eden there was no necessity for external worship. Then, indeed, our first parents could look forth into the universe and regard it as a magnificent temple which God had created for His glory. There was as yet no malediction pronounced against the earth. Sin had not as yet entered into the world. The sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the earth in its nearer beauty—all the external works of God were to them the great book of His power, and of His glory, and of His goodness. This glorious creation, as it was, could not interpret itself; it required the eye of man to gaze upon it and to be its interpreter. It required the heart of man to appreciate it, and his spirit to reflect, as the High Priest of Creation, the silent glory of which itself was unconscious. But sin entered into the world, and because the High Priest had disobeyed his God, everything is changed, and the earth itself, for his transgression, falls under the malediction of its Creator. From that period external as well as internal religion and worship became necessary. The sons of Adam offered sacrifice of material things to the God of their father, and He was pleased with the offering as an external act of worship. If we trace the history of the Divine economy towards the human race, we shall discover through the succession of the Patriarchs down to the Deluge that worship internal and external was cherished and preserved by traditions which they had received from their first ancestor. Immediately after the Deluge the first act of Noah is the offering of sacrifice in thanksgiving for the protection that had been extended to the few who had been saved for the renovation of the human family. Again, in the very words of the text, we find that Jacob, immediate father of the Twelve Tribes of Israel, consecrated the spot on which the Almighty had vouchsafed to him the vision of communication between the earth and Heaven, and as soon as the posterity of Abraham became numerous enough to form a nation, God himself became their legislator and their leader. He prescribed a code for their national economy and government as a distinct and chosen people. He prescribed even to the minutest detail the acts of religion, times, places and manner of public worship, by which they should honor and reverence his name. The Tabernacle, the construction of which He directed, was an outward means for inward and mysterious devotion. It was

composed of matter such as might have been used for secular purposes; but from the moment of its completion and dedication to the purpose for which it was intended, we behold with what judgment he visited those who profaned its relative sanctity. He punished the sons of Aaron with death for their irreverence in discharging the outward duties of their sacred office. At a subsequent period when Osa raised his hand unauthorized to stay the leaning Ark of the Covenant, he struck with instant death. And will it be said that God does not require external worship of the body as well as adoration of the soul since all these manifestations belong to the external order and were of Divine appointment? Coming down to a later period still, He appointed the erection of the Temple on Mount Zion, and so pleasing was the thought of this to the royal Prophet that throughout the Psalms, he appears to us enraptured and carried away in the anticipation of the beauty and glory of God's house.

Now this House of the Lord was composed of matter, all precious as it was. Could it be true, then, that God should not approve the erection of temples in the honor of His name, or that they, under the prescribed rite of consecration, should not acquire a relative sacredness in his sight? We know the contrary; for, as we read in the second Paralomenon, seventh chapter, that in the dedication of the temple, "when Solomon had ended his prayer, fire came down from Heaven, and consumed the holocausts, and the victims, and the majesty of the Lord filled the house, and the priests could not enter into the temple of the Lord, because the majesty of the Lord had filled the Temple of the Lord. As the Lord appeared to him by night, and said: 'I have heard thy prayer, and I have chosen this place to myself for a house of sacrifice. My eyes shall also be open, and my ears attentive to the prayers of him that shall pray in this place; for I have chosen and I have sanctified this place, that my name may remain there forever, and my eyes and my heart remain there perpetually.'"

Not only did the Almighty thus manifest His glory and His presence in the holy temple, but he vindicated its character in subsequent times by the punishment which he inflicted upon those who profaned its sanctity. When it was despoiled by Nabuchodonosor and the sacred vessels carried to Babylon, the punishment of God pursued the profaner sanctuary. His son Baltasar, notwithstanding his wickedness, was borne with Heaven's patience till he caused his cup guilt to overflow by bringing out the sacred vessels taken from the temple to grace a last profane banquet. Then came the hour of writing on the wall; then did he lose his kingdom and his life. Other instances of similar kind are not wanting to show that the erection of temples and the practice of public worship according to divine appointment, though both are external, were pleasing to the Almighty God.

If we pass to the New Testament, in which the substance of all these rights are to be realized, we shall not find any precise direct order, on the part of our Saviour, for the erection of churches, or for the special order of public worship. The reason is obvious, is that He instructed His Apostles; that they were imbued with a knowledge of all this whatever he had said to them; that He communicated to them the Holy Ghost for their perpetual guidance in the things that appertain to His kingdom; and we shall trace the credence of public worship through the rather in practice than in any specific precept left in writing, either by them or their Divine Master.

The first condition of the infant Church was, as we know, a condition of suffering persecution from Jews and Gentiles. Nevertheless, whether in private houses or caverns, or more extensively still, in the detestable churches of Rome, now called Colombs, the faithful were accustomed to assemble to celebrate the Holy Mysteries and to fulfill all the requirements of Christian worship. Subsequently still, when the Church obtained freedom, we behold temples of great magnificence rising on every side. It is to be served that, although these temples were numerous, the religion was everywhere the same. The Church was not now the Church of a single nation, but the Church of all nations. Its temples were many, but its priesthood and its episcopacy were one. Following on the development of this truth through

ceeding ages, we behold that the Christians never lost sight of this obligation, that wherever they found themselves, their first thought was to erect an altar for the celebration of the Divine mysteries and the purposes of public worship. Not to speak of Asia and Africa in the first days of the Church, if we cast our eyes over the surface of Europe even to-day, we shall behold these noble structures, vying some of them, I might say, with the solitary temple of Jerusalem in magnificence and grandeur. We may see them from one eminence to another—the glorious cathedrals and minsters—raising their spires into the very clouds of Heaven as lightning-rods to draw off the vengeance of God provoked by the sins of the people. It is unnecessary to dwell longer on this subject. If facts of Divine revelation and the practice of the Christian people from the beginning can constitute an argument or an evidence, then it is clear that material churches and public worship are of Divine appointment, and sustained by the Divine approbation. If we consult reason on this subject, we shall find it to be perfectly in accordance with Revelation, and the idea of restricting the adoration of the Supreme Being to the internal acts of the soul is one to which reason is entirely opposed. In not one of the functions by which the human soul manifests itself is it, or can it be, independent of the body to which it is united. It is true that God reads the heart, and He knows its purpose before that purpose is outwardly manifested, but on the other hand, where there is adoration in the heart, it manifests itself naturally through external means.

In regard to this as well as to every subject, the conclusions of reason should be founded on facts, otherwise such conclusions amount to mere conjecture at the best. Are there any facts connected with the history of nature or of religion in opposition to the testimonies already quoted from revelation? Is it reasonable to suppose that God could have created man in his twofold nature of a spirit and a body, that he could have united these, and yet either ordained or permitted that only one of those should take part in the adoration of his name? This is contrary to the fact and not less contrary to the dictates of reason. All the powers of man, the soul and body united, are bound to render homage each according to its own attributes to the Creator of both. Neither can there be found in the development of man's nature an exception to this rule. When the soul is moved by any intense feeling, it manifests itself naturally by attitudes of the body or expressions of the countenance in harmony with the interior sentiment. Thus Solomon, in his prayer to God at the dedication of the Temple, knelt upon the ground and raised his hands towards Heaven. Thus Daniel, in his captivity by the waters of Babylon, both through the dictates of religion and the promptings of nature, thrice every day turned his face to the distant and holy mountain and adored God, showing by the attitude of the body the yearnings of the soul. Thus his fellow-captives suspended their harps on the willows and refused to chant the canticles of Zion in a strange land—all showing both the promptings of nature and the teachings of religion by which the eye of the soul was turned to those particular places in which God had chosen to dwell in an especial manner.

But the point on which I am insisting has been established by the history of the whole human race. Among the people of God it was by divine institution, but even among the nations that had strayed away from the primitive tradition and fallen into idolatry, the same law of nature universally prevails. It could come from no other source, for the teachings of God and even God himself had been forgotten; and yet they had temples, and worship, and sacred places especially dedicated to some imaginary divinity of their own creation. In all this the principle to which I have referred has been sustained by the voice of universal human nature. Their reason was not capable of protecting them from the worship of false gods. The worship also which was rendered to these false divinities was in itself oftentimes vile and horrible; nevertheless through all this the combined nature of man maintained itself by outward actions in conformity with the inward sentiment by which they were animated. It would be impossible, therefore, for those who reject the authority of revelation to discover in the history of the human race a single fact calculated to make a divorce between

the soul and the body in the worship which man owes to his Creator; and consequently, as I said before, it follows that reason and religion are perfectly harmonious upon this subject.

I shall not dwell longer upon these remote considerations of a topic in which I am aware that you, dearly beloved brethren, need not to be instructed. On an occasion like the present we should rather turn our attention to the great benefits which God has bestowed upon us in training us under the guidance of divine truth, and in establishing a worship in which the whole of our nature—our soul and body—may unite, whether in public or in private devotion. Who is it, even in his closet, if his soul desires forgiveness from God, who is not immediately prompted to assume that attitude of body which becomes the sentiments within. It may be simply kneeling, it may be standing, it may be in prostration with the face to the earth, it may be with uplifted hands, and eyes towards the throne of grace and the Eternal Father of all; but it would be doing violence whether in public or private to deny to the body, material though it be, the privilege of sympathizing with the soul in its desires, its hopes, its fears and its joys. Even in human society how could we manifest to each other esteem and respect except through the medium of external signs, by means of which our inward feelings are manifested. In brief, dearly beloved brethren, our nature is such that God has not communicated to us the knowledge of the means by which He would be acceptably adored unless through the medium of the corporeal senses. He could have communicated to the soul immediately the knowledge of all truths and mysteries; but instead of this He has adopted a mode suitable to our nature as men. He spoke by his Prophets, and from the beginning justified the expression of St. Paul, that "faith cometh by hearing." So the Redeemer of the World took a body and soul like ours, and thus made Himself manifest. Speaking with the organ of the body he was heard through the sense of hearing, and in this way the truths of religion were communicated to the spirit otherwise prepared by grace for their reception.

We have said much with regard to the sanctity of special places and material things in the history of the people of God—how the Tabernacle, and the Ark of the Covenant, and the Temple, all composed by divine precept from earthly matter, became holy in the sight of God and man by consecration to divine service. And yet, what were these but the shadows of that which constitutes the glory of the Catholic material church. In it, besides the consecration you have just witnessed, the holy mysteries are celebrated. There is the altar, on which is mystically offered the sacrifice of the New Law. In this sacrifice our religion teaches us that Christ, through the ministry of men selected and ordained for that purpose, continues to execute his office—a Priest for ever, according to the Order of Melchisedek. Our religion teaches us that, under the mystic veil of bread and wine, the body and blood of Christ are present on our altar; and if in ancient times the servants of God approached these things which he had set apart for his own service with awe and reverence, how much deeper should be the awe and reverence with which we should stand before the Christian tabernacle, for when we enter the church we are immediately in the Divine Presence. It is in the church also that the lessons and the teachings of God are constantly repeated. It is in the church and in the contemplation of the unbloody sacrifice that is offered that we are assembled in spirit at the very scene of Calvary to witness the immolation of the Divine victim who gave His life in expiation of the sins of the world. It is there that we imbibe courage and receive grace to imitate His holy example, His patience under suffering, His charity, His spirit of forgiveness, His manifest and infinite love both for His Eternal Father and for all mankind. A Catholic Church, therefore, even though composed of earthly materials as a mere structure, is, nevertheless, in the most exalted sense, the House of God, and on entering it we may under feelings such as His sanctuary should inspire, exclaim with the Prophet, "How terrible is this place! This is no other but the house of God and the gate of Heaven."

In conclusion, dearly beloved Brethren, the inference to be drawn from these remarks is the conviction that God has commanded pub-

lic worship, and that man's nature requires it; the Church enjoins it; it is one of the most solemn precepts that every member of her Communion, not prevented by legitimate cause, shall be present at the Holy Mysteries on every Sunday and Festival. The foregoing observations sufficiently imply the decorum, and reflection and devotion of heart which should characterize those who enter the portals of the House of God. It would be a practical contradiction of our faith if believing in the necessity of public worship as prescribed by the Church we should nevertheless be indifferent to the opportunities of assisting at its performance either on the plea of slight inconvenience, or what would be worse still, from a spirit of indifference for the sacred things of Religion. It would also imply a contradiction between our faith and our conduct if within the sacred walls of the Church we should not bear ourselves with that decorum which becomes petitioners round the Sanctuary of God and of His Christ. It is thus by serving God in the whole nature in which he has created us, during our probation in this life, that when the union between the soul and the body comes to be dissolved by death, while the material part shall return to the earth from which it was taken, the emancipated spirit, sanctified through the medium of religion, shall wing its flight toward that triumphant Church in which it will mingle with Angels and Saints round the throne of God, adoring Him with everlasting love, and in the enjoyment of everlasting happiness.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the Most Rev. Archbishop partook of the hospitality of Rev. Father Stonestreet, S. J., Pastor of the newly dedicated Church. He remained several days in Washington, and was to have returned to New York about the end of the week.

The Steamship Quaker City.

There has been considerable apprehension felt for the safety of this vessel, as the engine was known to have been disabled and the greater number of the passengers transferred to the bark Dumbarton on the 7th. The feeling was further increased by the arrival of the propeller Potomac, the Captain reporting that he had passed large quantities of floating material, which at first strengthened the general impression that the wreck of the Quaker City had been seen. The character of Captain Shufeldt, however, as an experienced seaman, prompt and resolute in emergencies, inspired many with the hope that by some means or other he would bring the vessel safe to port. We are happy to say this hope has been realized. The Quaker City arrived in Hampton Roads on the 12th, six days after the accident to her machinery. From the Captain's statement we learn that the Quaker City, after separating from the Dumbarton made her way north and east under canvas, and that on the 9th a steamer bound south passed without noticing their signals of distress or the firing of their guns, though apparently near enough for both; that on the 11th the ship was taken in tow by the Kingfisher, and afterwards by the State of Georgia, which vessel brought her to Hampton Roads on the 12th.

The following are the names of the passengers who remained on board the Quaker City and have arrived in Hampton Roads:—

E. L. Crabbe, lady and two children; John Chartrand and lady, Miss Chartrand, Alex. Debandry, Jose Diaz, Manuel Bernard, F. R. Diaz, C. M. Dorance, lady and daughter; M. Gabro, lady and son; J. Dezaldo, and C. G. Monsalve.

Captain Shufeldt speaks in the highest terms of the self-possession of the passengers, and the energy and discipline of his officers and crew. Captain Shufeldt was first officer on board the Atlantic eight or nine years ago, when she was so long unheard of that the most sanguine despaired of her safety. The Quaker City will be repaired with all possible despatch, but in the mean time another steamer will take her place.

The transferred passengers were so pleased with the treatment they received from Capt. Chadbourne of the Dumbarton, that they held a meeting in order to express their feelings, and presented him with a gold watch as a testimonial of their gratitude.

DEATH OF THE AMERICAN MINISTER AT PARIS.—By the last mail from Europe we are informed that the Hon. John Y. Mason, United States Minister to the French Court, died at Paris on the 5d inst. Mr. Mason was born in Vir-

ginia, and at the time of his death was about sixty-five years old. He occupied the various positions of Judge of the District Court of Virginia, Representative from Virginia in Congress, Secretary of the Navy under President Tyler, Attorney General under President Polk, and various other important official posts.

RAILWAY ENTERPRISE IN IOWA.—The only railroads that we now hear of being constructed in the West are the two roads running out of Dubuque. The Dubuque and Pacific is completed to Manchester, 50 miles, and the cars will be running ten miles west of Independence, 80 miles, by the 15th of January. Before the 4th of July it will be completed to Cedar Falls, 100 miles. It employs from 700 to 800 hands. Some 400 hands are also employed on the Dubuque Western Road, which will be completed (53 miles) to Anamosa within three months. Preparations are being made for erecting a car factory and machine shops at Dubuque for the accommodation of these roads.

WHAT ARE CONSOLS?—Our readers are well aware that a rise or fall in "Consols" is noted as the most important sign of the condition of commercial affairs in England. But few know what Consols are. From a very lengthy explanation relative to Consols, or the consolidated debt of Great Britain, we glean some interesting information.

The national debt of England began in the time of Charles I., with the relinquishment of the old custom of extorting from the people and substituting borrowing therefor to meet public exigencies. This has been increased from that time to the present in all times of exigency. In periods of peace and when the rate of interest has been low the Government has redeemed small portions of the debt, or it has lowered the annual charge by reducing, with the consent of the holders, the rate of interest.

The debt then consists of several species of loans or funds, with different denominations, which have been, in process of time, variously mixed and mingled, such as Consols—i. e., several different loans consolidated in one stock—Three per cents, Reduced Consols, New Three per cents., etc.

In 1817 the English and Irish Exchequers were a consolidated debt. The present debt cannot be less than four thousand two hundred millions of dollars, most of which is Consols bearing interest at three per cent. The ordinary price of Three per cents, is 95, because people investing at such low rate will not pay par when money is worth a higher per centage. The report by a recent arrival was that Consols had fallen to 89 and 90. This is equal to two years' interest, on four thousand millions of dollars. If holders were obliged to sell them, the aggregate loss would be \$240,000,000. In such cases, only those who have money engagements and must sell out to meet them are losers. [True Press.

THE DOGS OF TWEEDESDMIR.—There used formerly to be at the kirk of Tweedsmuir, in Peeblesshire, Scotland, as many dogs as there were men, on account of the difficulty which the farmers and shepherds of that pastoral district had in preventing their dogs from following them. The dogs in general behaved pretty well, and laid below the seats, still noisy quarrels among them sometimes took place, and on these occasions the minister had to order the beadle to turn out the disturbers of the peace. With these exceptions they kept in tolerably good order till the congregation was going to disperse. From long attendance at church they knew when this breaking up was about to take place. The signal for uproar was the rising of the minister in the pulpit to pronounce the blessing. As soon as he did so they used to rush pell-mell to the door, barking and screaming for joy to be let loose, and walk leisurely out a word could be heard. At length the minister, honest man, bethought himself of a plan to get quit of these disturbances. He told the members of the congregation that it would be better for them all to keep their seats till the parting benediction was over, and then they would all rise and walk leisurely out. This was tried, and it did remarkably well; however, it happened one day that the minister of the parish was absent and a stranger was in the pulpit, who, when he arose to pronounce the blessing after the last psalm, was surprised to see the congregation continue sitting, which is against all rule and custom. At last an old grey-haired shepherd called out to him, "Oo, just go on, sir, go on; we are only sitting a wee to cheat the dogs; but when you have done, we'll all rise and go out quietly."

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

JOHN MULLALLY.....Editor and Proprietor.

It will be the object of this Journal to apply the Catholic portion of the community with all the important and interesting news of the Catholic world, and particularly with information in regard to events and occurrences connected with the Church in the United States.

It is designed to make *THE RECORD* a good and desirable family journal, and it will, therefore, contain a great variety of useful, interesting, and instructive reading matter. Its readers will also be duly informed of the progress of events in the secular as well as the religious world.

The progress of Catholic Educational Institutions will meet with that attention to which they are entitled by their importance. Church Dedications occurring in and about the city of New York, will be fully and accurately reported.

Due care and attention will be given to the Literary Department, and new publications reviewed or noticed, as their character and pretensions may deserve.

Each number will contain one or two stories; and it will be the design of the Editor to make its Miscellaneous pages read both entertaining and instructive. The editorial columns will be devoted to a discussion of the prominent topics of the day, and all other subjects that properly come within the scope of such a journal. No part will be taken in political controversy, nor in the disputes between partisan politicians.

The business department will be carried on with that strict attention to all its details, without which no paper can expect to succeed, no matter how liberally supported, or how ably conducted; and all the business transactions of the establishment will be conducted on a cash basis.

In conclusion, the Editor refers with pride and pleasure to the following letter of approval from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York:

NEW YORK, Nov. 3, 1858.

"DEAR SIR: I have read carefully your plan of a Catholic paper, and approve of the same in all its parts. Its scope is new and comprehensive, and will fill up a chasm without necessarily interfering with other papers already established. You have my sanction to proceed with as little delay as possible, and you shall have my approbation and support.

"Yours, faithfully, in Christ,
+ JOHN, Archbishop of New York."

This Journal will be published weekly at No. 371 Broadway, and delivered to city and mail subscribers on the following terms:

Price per year served by carrier..... \$3.00
Price per year served by mail..... 2.00
Price per copy, for six copies or more..... 25
To Canadian subscribers, and to those who will be served for \$8 per year, as there is an advance of fifty cents in the postage; while to subscribers in Ireland it will be \$3.50, for the same reason.

The advertising rates are as follows:
To transient advertisers..... 125 cents per line.
To yearly advertisers..... 50 cents per line.
No paper will be sent till the receipt of the subscription.

All orders and communications should be addressed to the Editor, No. 371 Broadway.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 22, 1859.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

We present the readers of the *RECORD* to-day with an account of the rise, progress, and brilliant triumphs of the "Society for the Propagation of the Faith," compiled from the most authentic sources of information. As no other organization, made up of both laity and clergy, is so intimately connected with the Catholic missions in all quarters of the globe as this, it should be most consoling to the devout and pious of every rank to read of the noble sustenance it has received year after year, from its formation in 1822 to the last month of 1858; the subscriptions increasing from a few thousands of dollars in the former to almost one million of dollars handed in during the past twelve month. The aggregate amount subscribed in the thirty-six years referred to is \$15,308,123 03!

This vast sum, it will be borne in mind, was taken up in one penny (English) or two cents (American) collections a week from each one desirous of enjoying the benefits accorded to members of the body, under certain conditions of prayer, by his Holiness Pope Pius the Seventh; whilst they, at the same time, aided in extending the means of salvation through the Cross of Christ and the Sacraments of His Church to people of every caste, class, and color created by his hand. The monies paid in to the German "Leopoldine" Society, sitting in Vienna, as well as to the Canadian body, are not included in the gross total now given, but will be separately treated of in another article.

What more beautiful testimony could be given of the universal Catholicism, lively faith, and unity of sentiment which pervade the hearts of the millions of members of the Church, than the exhibit now published? None whatever. Entirely independent of the generous contributions poured in for local church buildings, the erection of colleges, monasteries, nunne-

ries, parochial schools, and the support of the clergy in each country, we see that the faithful people go on adding to the treasury of the Society for the "Propagation of the Faith" in exact proportion as the missionary calls are increased by the extension of religion. Every country is represented in the financial annals of the body. The United States and Canada have sent in their contributions; and the people of Australia and New Zealand replied with their mite and prayers. Guatemala, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica were answered by the faithful in the Birman Empire, China, and the South Sea Islands. England, Prussia, Silesia, and the Provinces of the Rhine have proclaimed the daily restoration of religion within their boundaries by pious humility and cash subscriptions, whilst China, Cochinchina, Constantinople and "Nazareth of Galilee" have chanted many a "Venite Adoremus" at the approach of the Cross on the fields of the labors of St. Francis Xavier, as well as at its exaltation by his Priests on the scene of the sufferings of the Saviour.

We bespeak an earnest perusal for the *resume* now given, and ask our dissenting friends to candidly answer if they imagine that the people are "less warm in the cause of religion" at present? Indeed the United States has not yet done very much in support of the "Society;" but we doubt not that the publication of this article will, by fixing the attention of the faithful on its utility and universality, increase our earnestness in aiding it. When its means of success and the results are compared with the "greased cartridge" outrages on the Sepoys in India, the sending of a Bishop to Jerusalem in a war ship "well stocked with shot and shell," and the insults offered, in the name of the Bible, to the Catholics of Ireland, with the idea of the conversion to Presbyterianism by means of India ink and the yells of hysterical impostors, every unprejudiced mind must say that the apostolic commission to "preach to and baptize all nations" was given to the Catholic Church alone, and is fulfilled alone by the Clergy of the "One Fold."

NAPOLEON'S LANGUAGE OF DIPLOMACY—A CHANCE FOR LINGUISTS AND INTERPRETERS.

It is very likely that the European Cabinets will be ultimately obliged to employ a corps of diplomatic interpreters, whose sole duty will consist in endeavoring to read aright, and explain the State manifestoes, speeches, circulars, and official telegraphic despatches of the Emperor Napoleon the Third. The old-fogy statesmen who see only through the dim haze of the red tape school are completely befogged by the terse expressions and vigorous but enigmatical sentences of his Majesty. They cannot understand him by any means.

For instance, his assertion at Bordeaux, "The Empire is peace," was immediately followed by a war with Russia, a war in Cochinchina, the war in Italy, and now a war with China proper. When England, on the eve of the conflict in Lombardy, asked for an explanation respecting the huge armaments then progressing in France, she was told, "necessary reforms in the organization of the army and navy are alone contemplated;" but just as the old gentlemen in Downing street were comforting themselves with this assurance, they had their nerves shocked by the news that a French army numbering one hundred and sixty thousand men had crossed the Alps and was in Italy, supplied with every requisite of war material, including the "modern improvements" of battle, reporting balloonists, and field telegraphs.

At Milan the Emperor told the people that he, of all other persons living, was up to the "epoch in which we live;" but as he

did not define the standard "epoch" to which he alluded—whether it was one of local or general politics, local or general war, or Italian or universal liberty—we have never been able to ascertain if he was then, or is now, up to or beyond it.

When he returned to Paris from Italy, he told John Bull, "France is going to disarm;" and thus gave wonderful consolation to the mind of the old fogies who, of course, read the message in the old fashioned way. Now the joke of the matter is, that France has not disarmed, and England is now in as much dread of Napoleon as she was when he so suddenly concluded the treaty of Villafranca. Indeed, we find her in such a humiliating position of weakness that she actually finds comfort from her terrible losses in China by hoping that the common insult will cement the Anglo-French alliance. We will see how far this will serve her, for, be it remembered, it is difficult to interpret Napoleon. His "disarmament" has gone on in such fashion that Cherbourg is almost encased in iron, the French coast is being fortified along its line, guns are being cast with astonishing rapidity, and not less than twenty new war ships are being built.

Ten of these vessels are to be of the largest class known, and ten of the second size of liners. All are to be covered with steel and iron plates, and the great foundries of Guerigny and Guenet are working night and day in making the metal sheets ordered by the Government. Most of the vessels are to be armed at bow and stern with huge steel beaks—called "rhinoceros horns"—invented by the Emperor, calculated to afford the most unmistakable raps of recognition or enmity to the "ribs" and "sides" of friend or foe. The twenty vessels are to be finished within eighteen months, and it will be of the highest importance to England to secure her "interpreters" immediately and endeavor to comprehend Napoleon's present intentions. She evidently doesn't understand him at present, so, perhaps, when he tells her soon that he intends to "live at home at ease," she will immediately after find him in Portsmouth or Bantry Bay.

Now we have in this city about thirty excellent linguists diligently engaged in "revising and retranslating" the edition of the Bible published first by an "inspired" English Parliament, and since amended and corrected by the great American lights of dissenting theology. They will never make a satisfactory job of it, as they cannot tell whether they are right or wrong without referring to the Catholic Church, the custodian and preserver of the Scriptures—a course which pride and prejudice will, perhaps, prevent them taking. Why not separate and seek congenial employment in Europe, endeavoring to "straighten" and "make clear" the State papers of Napoleon? Lord Palmerston could take half a dozen of them; the King of Sardinia is in a sad plight for such *litterati*; Austria wants a couple or so; while the remainder would be sure of plenty of work in Prussia, at Geneva, and all over the German Confederation. Let the Bible "translators" take the hint.

THE NEW LAND SYSTEM OF IRELAND—CATTLE AND GREEN CROPS IN PLACE OF MEN AND WOMEN.

The Agricultural report of the Registrar General of Ireland for 1859 informs us that the total area of land under cultivation in that country diminished during the foregoing twelve months by twenty thousand three hundred and eighty-six acres—an official proof of the fact that the action of the landlord "crombar brigades" in demolishing the dwellings of the humble tenants has not so far added much to the general market supply of the European world. We have heretofore proved in *THE RECORD* that the oligarchical assertion of

there being too great a population on the soil was an unrighteous fallacy, engendered and sustained with a view to blind the eyes of right-thinking men to that class rapacity which hesitated not a moment to sacrifice the comforts and lives of hundreds of thousands of human beings when it was found that the raising and exporting of horned cattle, horses and sheep would pay better than the half-yearly rents heretofore received.

Indeed it looks as if the operation of the new system of large holdings with a diminished population has tended only to the benefit of the English manufacturers, in enabling them to get beef and mutton cheaper; whilst the stock owned by the more humble of the Irish people, and which made them independent of the potato as a food staple, has been greatly reduced. Thus it appears that the number of acres planted with wheat, oats, barley, rye, and bere in 1859 was less by ninety-seven thousand nine hundred and ninety than that so tilled in 1858, showing a tremendous diminution in the amount of cereals required for the use of man. In the same period the amount of area cropped with carrots, mangle-wurzel, turnips, and other green produce wanted for stall-feeding and winter use of cattle, was greater by eighteen thousand eight hundred and thirty acres. It is evident from such figures that all Ireland is used, as far as possible, for stock-raising purposes at present.

With respect to live stock, we find that the number of horned cattle in the country increased in the twelve months one hundred and forty-two thousand five hundred and ninety-five. In the same section of the paper we see that pigs—emphatically the "property" of the poor Irishman—declined in number one hundred and forty-seven thousand and ten, all of which confirms us in the opinion that the modern land management of the country has been worked from 1851 to this moment for the money benefit of the few, to the prejudice of the interests of the many.

Agricultural wages, it is said, have advanced. This is in some measure true; but we fear that the laboring man loses more than the average increase in his day's pay by the higher monthly rents now demanded in the towns, owing to the sweeping off of more humble tenements all over the country. The feudal and governmental experiment now in process in Ireland is a very cruel one, and directly opposed to the rights of humanity and the well-being of the toiling and producing classes all over Great Britain. When did the English "bosses," and mill owners ever before make such reductions in the wages, and such demands on the working hours of the men, as since Ireland was reduced to a complete food exporting country? Never. They take advantage of the greater and cheaper supply sent from the neighboring isle, and endeavor to deduct the value of the fall from their weekly payments and put it back into their own pockets. Indeed it is by no means certain that this attempt, resulting from the great land changes in Ireland, did not induce the trade "strikes" lately in progress, and not yet ended, in England. So that Trinity College economists may in the end find themselves forwarding that great social war—of industry against congested wealth—now silently creeping over great Britain of which they have so much dread.

The fee-simple land sales in Ireland have done good in enabling many sons of the soil and children of the old families to purchase estates under the Encumbered Estates Court, and to this one consoling fact we look for the ultimate neutralization of the exterminating efforts of Lord Derby and others of the "alien" class of proprietary.

When a new, and national, class of men own the soil of Ireland it will be found

that she can support a population of over twelve millions in peace and prosperity.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

We, on this side of the Atlantic, have heard so much of the religious despotism of Austria, and the Catholic States of Europe generally, that we are getting a little tired of the subject, and long for something new. In order to satisfy this very natural desire, we propose to look at the other side of the question, and see what the Protestant States of Europe are doing for religious liberty within their own bounds. To begin with Prussia, which is the standard-bearer of Protestantism on the Continent, and therefore, it is to be presumed, the best exponent of its principles, what do we find? A tender regard for the religious convictions of individuals? A scrupulous respect for the divine right of private judgment? Let the following facts answer: In Prussian universities, no Catholic can occupy the Professorial chair, and any Professor who, following the dictates of his conscience, becomes a Catholic, forfeits his position. The most recent instance of this peculiar mode of recognizing the right of private judgment was in the case of Dr. Lemmer, who exercised that fundamental right at the expense of his position. Compare this with the Universities of Graz and Cracow, both Catholic institutions, and see on which side religious despotism and intolerance is exhibited.

In Prussia Catholic priests are forbidden to enter the Orphan Asylums—these little human waifs, by right of their affliction, being seized upon by the State for the national religion—a system of religious recruiting probably suggested by the Turkish method of filling up the ranks of her janissaries, and which, by the way, is extensively practiced in New York, whence droves of little Protestant janissaries are periodically drafted to the great West. In Prussia Catholic priests will not be allowed to enter a Protestant graveyard for the purpose of assisting at the burial of one of their own flock save in the dress of a laic, and in Mecklenburg, government permission must be obtained for the celebration of Divine service even in private. But the action of Holstein and Mecklenburg with reference to the Society of St. Boniface far surpasses any act of intolerance of which we have ever heard. In these States Catholics are not permitted to affiliate themselves with this Society, or even to receive assistance from it; and this in face of the fact that Austrian Protestants are free to associate themselves with the Society of Gustavus Adolphus, and that no obstacle whatever is placed in the way of the Society's operation throughout the Austrian dominions. We think it is almost time for those who denounce the intolerance of Catholic countries to post themselves upon the facts of the case, look at the other side of the question, and study attentively Matthew, chap. vii., v. 3, 4, 5.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL DISORGANIZATION IN ITALY.

Our European advisers by the Africa inform us of the virtual termination of the Conferences at Zurich on the Italian question. The representatives of France, Austria and Sardinia have, as appears, really effected nothing beyond reducing to more precise terms the treaty so hastily drawn up between Napoleon and Francis Joseph at Villafranca, and preparing the way for the assembling of a great European Congress for the purpose of considering the critical position of the unhappy States and Provinces so lately disturbed by revolutionary violence, and still disorganized by the ravages of war and the actual presence of a powerful foreign army. Could the treaty of Villafranca be honestly elaborated in detail and a really national "Ital-

ian Confederation" under the Presidency of the Pope be organized, the meeting of this Congress would be required. We fear, however, that this cannot now be effected. The spirit of revolt which excluded the Archdukes of Tuscany and Modena, with the Grand Duchess of Parma, from their thrones, still exists—powerless, to be sure, for the sustenance of national republicanism or the truth of democracy, but still able to perpetuate the consequences of a violence of their oaths of allegiance among all classes. So it is in the cities and States of the Legations; the Infidel conspirators against the sovereignty of the Holy Father are *afete* for any purposes of so-called governmental reform, but formidable on account of the irreligious union which binds them together.

Sardinia still advocates the idea of territorial annexation to her own crown so extensively promulgated by Cavour in the early part of the war, but it would seem as if Victor Emanuel feared to lay hands on any additional domain without the approval of Napoleon, and he is, as usual, silent and impenetrable in his mystery. A deputation, said to be elected by the people of the Romagna, lately offered the King of Piedmont the supreme rule of that province, but he, as in three similar cases previously, declined the honor, and referred the members to the sentiments of Napoleon and the feelings of the other Powers likely to be interested in the approaching Congress. On this occasion he claimed for himself the honor of being a "Catholic Sovereign." This was the first time at which he called public attention to his unhappy relations towards the Church since he incurred the displeasure of the Holy Father.

Were he moved by a really pious Catholic feeling, and able to say "I forgive Austria for my defeats at Novara," it would do more for the settlement and pacification of Italian politics than any conference or congress. In the mean time it is to be hoped that the Congress will bring back the exiled Sovereigns, under promise of granting rational reforms to their subjects, and thus pave the way for the restoration of harmony, the resuscitation of religion, and the healing of those fatal wounds to society—given for base and selfish purposes—from the effects of which the heart-blood of Italian nationality is now daily poured forth on a barren field.

To Our Subscribers.

We would consider it a favor if our subscribers would inform us of any failure in the regular weekly delivery of *THE RECORD* at their residences. All cases of the kind will be immediately attended to and remedied. Those who desire to have *THE RECORD* left by the carriers have only to notify us of the fact by mail or otherwise and the paper will be duly served every week.

No person is authorized to receive subscriptions for *THE RECORD* except regularly appointed canvassers. In all cases hereafter where subscriptions are paid to carriers and no receipt is given from the office we will not hold ourselves responsible for the irregular or non-delivery of the paper.

We are pleased to learn that it is the intention of a large number of the friends of Miss Esmonde to get up a testimonial for that talented and gifted young lady. We have not yet heard what form it will take, but we shall be happy to make it known when the arrangements of those who have the matter in hand are complete.

The Fair of the American Institute.

The destruction of the Crystal Palace by fire last year, during its occupancy by the American Institute, deprived the city of its largest and most magnificent building for exhibitions, and instead of its wide naves and

spacious galleries, which it seemed impossible to inconveniently crowd, the Directors of the Fair are obliged to hold their exhibition this year in the Palace Garden. It has the advantage, however, of being in a more central location, and the space, though small, is so economized, that the visitor cannot fail to be astonished at the variety and number of the articles on exhibition. The hall is filled with pianos, sewing machines, secretary beds, pictures in every type—Daguerreotype, Ambrotype, Haliotype, etc., silver ware, cutlery, fire-arms, stoves, and above all, cockle-horses, which were extensively patronized by the children. The Garden has been converted into a vast tent, and under its sheltering canvass are ranged vegetables, fruits, and flowers, in tempting variety. We know of no pleasanter way of spending a few hours than roaming in inquisitive admiration through the hall, or sitting in quiet enjoyment of the excellent music discoursed by Dodworth's band, and its by no means discordant accompaniment—the constant buzz of the machinery.

MISSION IN ST. MARY'S, GRAND STREET.—The Paulist Fathers have commenced a mission in St. Mary's Church, Grand street.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

THE LATE REV. P. BEHAN—FUNERAL SERVICES.—The following account of the funeral services of the late Rev. P. Behan, a notice of whose death appeared in the last number of *THE RECORD*, has been handed to us by a friend who was present on the occasion:

Returning from the scene of his missionary labors in the wilds of Arkansas, and while on his way to revisit his native land, he was suddenly smitten by that fell destroyer, paralysis, under which he lingered for some months until death at last relieved him of his heavy load of infirmity. Attended with most watchful care by the kind Sisters of St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, his health gradually appeared to improve, so that he was enabled to visit his old and true friend, Rev. F. O'Neill, of St. Joseph's, Brooklyn. Here, however, he was again attacked by this fatal disease, and after a few days, during which all that kindly hospitality and medical science could afford for his relief were tried in vain, he yielded his pure spirit to his Creator, and was forever released from the cares and troubles of human life. His funeral services were performed on Tuesday, the 4th inst., Rev. Messrs. O'Neill, Malone and Fagan officiating. There were present at the Requiem Mass, offered for the repose of his soul, some twenty priests from the Dioceses of Brooklyn and New York. Rev. Mr. Egan, of Lee, Mass., was also in attendance. At the close of the services, Rev. Mr. Malone addressed the crowded congregation present in a style of discourse at once instructive and pathetic. Not having been particularly acquainted with the facts comprised in the missionary life of the deceased, he dwelt especially on the excellent early training and the singular abilities of his departed friend. No better proof, he asserted, could be presented of the zealous care and earnest attention with which his pious parents educated their youthful son for the high vocation for which he was destined than the fact of their having given three of their beloved children to the service of God in the ministry of His Church. Two of them—Rev. Jos. Behan, alike distinguished for piety and intellectual ability, and his lately deceased brother, scarcely inferior to him in all that can give grace and charm to the priestly character—had already gone to receive their unfading reward. One yet remains to mourn the departure of two fond brothers, but still to imitate their virtues and rival their noble qualities. It is impossible for us to give an exact report of the Rev. gentleman's remarks, but no stronger proof of its heartfelt effort could be afforded than the many audible sighs with which the church resounded throughout its telling delivery. It is proper to remark here that two of Father Behan's most intimate friends—Messrs. Pierce B. Gracie, of New Gascony, and Joseph S. Moore, of Napoleon, Ark.—were present at the last sad services performed for their departed pastor. The manifest evidences of their sorrow scarcely surpassed their sincere testimony to his merits and his unwearied zeal. His remains were deposited in Flatbush Cemetery, in the vaults

selected for the burial of deceased ecclesiastics belonging to the Diocese of Brooklyn. *Requiescat in pace.*

ORDINATIONS, EPISCOPAL VISITATIONS, &c., in the Diocese of Dubuque, Iowa.—Two priests, Rev. J. J. Marsh and Rev. J. W. Scallan, were ordained for the Diocese of Dubuque by Rt. Rev. Bishop Smyth on Friday, the 30th of September. Bishop Duggan of Chicago and his Secretary, Rev. Dr. Butler, were present on the occasion. After the sacred services and rites of the day were over, the Bishops and the Doctor went up the Mississippi River on the fine steamer Key City (Dubuque) on a visit to Rt. Rev. Bishop Grace of St. Paul. Besides the romantic scenery of the Upper Mississippi, they will visit St. Anthony's Falls, the Falls of Minnehaha, and several of the caves, lakes, &c. Bishop Grace is expected to accompany Bishops Smyth and Duggan on their return for the purpose of visiting his uncle and other relatives who reside near Dubuque.

Bishop Smyth has been making several visits to parishes in his Diocese during the present fall. On Sunday, Oct. 9, he dedicated Father Brazil's new brick church in Bellview, and gave Confirmation to a large number of children and adults, among whom were several converts. From Bellview he proceeded to Dewitt, in Clinton County, and thence to other places.

Rev. Dr. Aylward, late of Fort Dodge, Iowa, is now stationed at Dyersville, Dubuque County. He will also attend Farley, Nottingham and Manchester, on the railroad, and Bankston's Settlement, five miles from Dyersville.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, CAMDEN, N. J.—This new church, says The Herald and Visitor, was opened and blessed on Sunday, Oct. 9, by Rev. Father Moran. There was a large attendance on the part of the congregation, and all seemed to be animated with a religious joy in the prospect of a beautiful house of worship. The dedication will take place on the 20th of November, Rt. Rev. Bishop Bayley of Newark officiating.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD IN CINCINNATI.—On Thursday morning, 6th inst., there were four of the penitents at the Good Shepherd in this city solemnly consecrated as Magdalens for life; one postulant received the white veil as a novice of the community, and a child of between nine and ten, who was found straying about the streets six months ago was baptized. The Archbishop presided at the ceremony, assisted by Rev. Messrs. Henghold, Hahne, of Dayton, Borgessa and Menges. (Cincinnati Telegraph.)

PROGRESS OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN OHIO.—The Sisters of Notre Dame, says The Cincinnati Telegraph, have bought fifty-two acres of woodland and clearing near Reading, in this county, on which they propose to erect a Boarding School and summer residence, 100 by 64 feet, three stories high, besides basement and attic. The foundations will be laid this fall. The situation is well chosen, the place healthy, and the site accessible by railroad, turnpike and canal.

THE CHURCH IN CALIFORNIA.—Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany will administer Confirmation at San Andreas to-day, at Angels and Murphys on Sunday next, and at Campo Seco on Sunday, Sept. 25.

It is decided, says The Yreka Union, we believe, to build a new brick church somewhere in the centre of Yreka. Father Hardy, a young and talented priest, having accomplished this, will have left a landmark of useful existence. Let the work proceed; others besides Catholics will aid.

During last week the festival in honor of the Patron Saint of San Luis Rey was celebrated in Los Angeles, but with such accompaniments, as we are informed, that the Vicar of the Diocese has ordered its discontinuance. The occasion collected the Indians of the vicinity, who were supplied with liquors and became, of course, objects of pity and disgust. We are glad, says The Star, to be able to state that several of the vendors of these fire waters were punished for their offences. Formerly this festival was one of the most effective of those celebrated at the missions.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE SISTERS' ACADEMY AT BENICIA.—Last Sunday, says The Monitor, in presence of the Brothers and Sisters of the Order of St. Dominic, the Sisters and young ladies of St. Catharine's Academy, as well as a large concourse of citizens, Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany (who arrived from San Francisco just a few moments before) blessed and laid the corner-stone of that portion of the new Academy now in course

of erection for the Sisters of St. Dominic. His Grace delivered a highly appropriate and impressive discourse on the occasion. The rite of the new building is most admirable, being formerly known as the Solano Square, adjoining and now connected with the present flourishing Academy.

Many articles of interest, including dauntless type likenesses of all the Sisters at present in the Institution, and of the dear departed Sisters, whose glorious career is sealed in the silent tomb, were deposited in the corner-stone.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the crowd retired, evidently instructed and pleased.

The ground plan of the building is nearly a quadrangle, inclosing a spacious garden in the centre, and is to be constructed in the most substantial and approved manner with stone and brick. It will be 200 feet in extent of frontage by a depth of 160 feet, having in its front (which is to be three stories high) a spacious portico with projecting wings at each extreme.

We have seen the elegant silver trowel used by his Grace on the occasion. It bears the following inscription, surmounted by a Maltese cross, and is to be presented to Miss Mary Gommers, Superior:

"His Grace Archbishop Alemany has laid the corner-stone of St. Catherine's Academy, an Institution for the education of females, under the direction of the Sisters of St. Dominic—Benicia, California, August 4, 1895."

Since the establishment of the Sisters in Benicia they have expended about \$38,000 on their Institution. The new structure is to be 200 feet by 160 feet, and three stories high. The cost is estimated at \$200,000. When we add that the architect is William Craine, Esq. of this city—whose name is associated with some of our most elegant public buildings—it is needless to say that the edifice will be one admirably adapted for the purpose intended, and an ornament to the State.

[San Francisco Herald, Sept. 20, FOREIGN.]

THE CHURCH IN AUSTRALIA.—On Monday, June 13th, the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of a Catholic church took place at Gunning, under the invocation of S. S. Joseph and Xavier. The Revs. M'Alroy and Birmingham officiated. Although the day was inclement, a large assemblage of persons were present. After the service, near upon £100 was collected.

On the 10th June, Archbishop Polding administered the sacrament of Confirmation to 250 young persons of both sexes, in the temporary church at Raymond Terrace, at which place energetic steps are being taken to erect a permanent church. Subscriptions amounting to £1,000 have been paid and promised towards the object.

A meeting of the committee for the erection of a chapel and school at the Lower Arneus was held on the 15th June. The report showed that donations and subscriptions were coming in satisfactorily. The handsome sum of £283 was collected at the termination of the meeting.

The Rev. R. Walsh has returned to Goulburn in good health, and able to attend to his clerical duties; and the Rev. Mr. D'Arcy is appointed to assist him in the pastorate for the district of Goulburn.

The foundation-stone of a new Catholic church for the village of St. Ann's, to be denominated St. Ann's Church, was laid by Archbishop Polding, on the 2d of July. The site is near the Liverpool Road, within two miles of the Burwood railway station. It is understood that the land for the site of the church was presented by the very Rev. Dr. J. J. Therry.

It is said that the very Rev. Dr. Geoghegan is to be the new Bishop of Adelaide, rendered vacant by the demise of the very Rev. Dr. Murphy.

On the 6th of July the foundation-stone of a new church was laid, situated in the village of Peel. The land has been the gift of Mr. Dennis Gaylor, of Bathurst. The chapel, at present, is to be built with only a nave and porch, to be hereafter completed. The proposed plan will cost £470, and will accommodate about 300 persons.

[Sydney Herald, July 13.]

Proposed Visit of Dr. Cahill to the United States. We copy the following from The New York Herald, to the editor of which it was addressed:

MILFORD, Mass., Oct. 10, 1890.

I take the liberty of transmitting for publication, in your widely circulated paper, a copy of a letter from the Rev. Dr. Cahill, of Dublin, if you shall deem it proper to make known the advent of so distinguished a writer, and one who is so dear to numbers of your readers in different parts of America.

P. CUDDEY.

BALLYRAN COTTAGE, RATHFRANK.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—So many facts and circumstances of a long, dear, and valued friendship have cemented our mutual attachment that I make no apology for making my first

claim on your support when I shall have arrived at New York in the course of the next month. I have decided on leaving Ireland for America on Saturday, the 22d of October, or at furthest, on Saturday, the 29th. In the mean time, I shall mention to you the precise day at least two weeks before I shall leave here. I intend to make a tour of the States and of Canada, to see my countrymen, to inform myself, as an eye witness, of the flourishing institutions of the great American Republic, to transcribe the newspaper at home a weekly report of the condition of their relations and friends on the other side of the Atlantic, and to point out those parts of the Union where labor is most rewarded, and where a settlement is most advantageous. My letters to Ireland shall have no reference, directly or indirectly, to politics, international or domestic. I shall be a mere Irish traveller, cherishing my fellow-countrymen wherever I happen to meet them, and conveying the thanks, the gratitude of Ireland to America for her protection and her matchless hospitality to the wandering emigrants of this country. During my passage through the towns and cities, I shall deliver public, popular lectures on astronomy, not giving mere exhibitions on machinery, but rigidly teaching the science as far as courses of ten or twelve lectures can accomplish this object. As soon as all my arrangements shall have been finally and fully made, you shall again hear from me, when, fancy I can say that I will embark on the 22d of October. My dear old friend, faithfully, every yours.

D. W. CAHILL.

Rev. P. CUDDEY, Milford, Mass.

P. S.—My apparatus and diagrams on astronomy are executed with artistic perfection.

Our indefatigable Correspondent, as will be seen from his welcome letter, is still on the *qui vive*. For the well-deserved compliment which was paid to his fearless expose of the social and political condition of the Roman people by The New Orleans Standard, we take this opportunity in his absence of making our acknowledgments. But while doing this, we would call the attention of the editor of that popular weekly to a typographical error which occurred in its notice, and which we take the liberty of requesting him to correct. Our Correspondent is, he will please to remember, in Rome and not in New York, for we would not have it supposed for a moment that he was writing from any other place. Such a supposition would be an insinuation upon our enterprise and lead people to suspect that our correspondence was not telegraphic after all. By noticing this correction The New Orleans Standard will do us a favor.

OUR TELEGRAPHIC CORRESPONDENCE FROM ROME.

Our Correspondent Studies the Roman People—How they are affected by Epidemics and What the Epidemics Are—Italian Reformers, the Communists, the Associati and the Egotisti—The Unattached Reformers, &c., &c., &c.

[From our Special Correspondent—By Telegraph.]

ROME, Italy, Oct. 20, 1890.

To the Editor of The Metropolitan Record:—Sir: Since my last brief and hasty letter, in which I commended to you the Roman delegation, I have exerted myself to study the character and wants of the Italian people. I think I understand the reforms that are most pressingly demanded.

The Italians are a remarkably imitative and excitable people. Let a man come here and perform a wonderful feat of balancing a feather on his nose, and in a week you would see a large proportion of the twenty-seven millions of the people of Italy with feathers on their noses. Should some one set the fashion of standing on the head the effect may be imagined.

It is a country of moral epidemics. One time it is a speculation in lap-dogs; on another thousands go mad on cabbages. A particular sort of cabbage-seed sells for immense prices, and many people are ruined. Murder and suicide are not unfrequently epidemic; so is the practice of running away with other people's wives. The banditti still knock men down in unfrequented places, but a large portion of them are now engaged as clerks in banking-houses and other responsible situations.

A favorite method with the present race of banditti is to run recklessly in debt and then take advantage of a bankrupt law. Three removes are said to be as bad as a fire; but here three failures are as good as a thumping legacy. The old fashion of presenting a blunderbuss with "Your money or your life," though still practiced by old fogeyish and conservative banditti, is much less frequent than the pleasant, smiling, confidential methods of financial robbery. In this sweet and delightful way great multitudes of people of all

classes have been plundered of their whole fortunes and resources. Sometimes these fashionable banditti operate with a railroad charter; sometimes it is an insurance company or some joint stock bubble. Italy is covered with widows and orphans who have been victims of these outlaws.

Italy is the country of reformers. When a man conceives that he has a mission to reform society, he lets his beard grow very long and wears his shirt-collar wider than usual. This is a sign that he is wiser than his fellow-citizens. He takes to spouting. If he had any trade or calling he abandons it and lives by reform. He looks wild and haggard, if in earnest; but if his first look-out is for number one, he is rounder, sleeker and happier than usual.

There are three schools of Reformers, with many subdivisions. They are the Communists, Associati and Egotisti.

The Communist wish to unite all men and women on a common level. To do this nothing is necessary but get rid of a few impediments. We must abolish God, extinguish nature, and create new laws for the universe. Having overcome these slight obstacles, it is expected that all men will be equally strong, wise, rich and happy.

The Associati wish to live in immense palaces, surrounded by luxuries, with every possible delight of the senses and imagination. This plan also requires a few changes. The Associati are content to abolish the family, do away with marriage, and discover a panacea for laziness. The great desideratum in this system is social harmony, which, it is calculated will come of itself if a thousand or two people could be kept together long enough, without cutting each other's throat, for the affinities to operate. They have brought companies together in several places for this purpose, but they always separated in disgust before the harmonic principle could get into full operation.

The last class of Reformers is that of the Egotisti. With them the individual is everything, and society of no account. The remedy for all social evils is separation. If one of the egotisti finds it difficult to support his family, he walks away from them. If his creditors trouble him, here is also the never-failing remedy. If the constable is after him, he has only to put sufficient distance between them. In other systems, the individual is sacrificed to society; in this all society is abandoned, that the individual may have his rights.

Each system dispenses with Religion, the family, and the existing society. The first would have all on a level—the second all in a palace—the third, every one for himself.

Besides these classes, who have all tried their experiments, there is a large number of unattached Reformers, who belong to no party, but are willing to help society in any way that may be agreeable, for a consideration. Many of these set up newspapers. If subscribers are plentiful, the world is supposed to be improving, and there are sanguine hopes of the future; but if subscribers fall off, or the paper, for any reason, does not pay, then everything wears a gloomy aspect, society is growing worse, and there is very little hope of its ever being any better.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the theories of the Reformers here, for the amelioration of society. Some think the remedy is to eat bran; some insist that it is to drink water. One stormy class holds frequent conventions, and teaches that the world's salvation depends upon shortening the women's petticoats. Others, more moderate, would be content if they could abolish corsets. A few preach the coming of the Millennium as soon as women become lawyers, doctors, and magistrates.

An immense party just now is impressed with the idea that the world may be reformed, and its religion, politics, and social system changed for the better, by listening reverently to the spirits of our departed grandfathers and grandmothers, who have got in

the way of rapping out marvellously oracular sentences on tables and other furniture, and inspiring silly women to talk greater nonsense than their eyes shut, than they are in the habit of doing with them open. "I am told that there are some hundreds of thousands of people who have been waiting these ten years for some great reform to come out of this rap-sodical dispensation."

In the mean time the social state grows more and more unsettled. Cities are taken

possession of by hordes of banditti; innocent men are shot down in the streets; the more orderly citizens struggle in vain against the secret bands of outlaws; a Judge shoots a Senator amid a crowd of spectators, who quietly witness the spectacle.

In such a state of things, where can Italy look but to America for counsel and help? Happy America! free from all the evils which oppress this miserable country. Model nation! well may you be the envy and admiration of the world.

T. L. N.

Wedding at the Cathedral.

The marriage of Miss Bartlett, of New York, with Senor Oviedo, of Cuba, took place on the 13th inst., at St. Patrick's Cathedral. It was celebrated by the Most Rev. Archbishop, assisted by the Very Rev. Vicar General, and Rev. Mr. McNierney. There was a large number present on the occasion, and at the conclusion of the ceremony the Archbishop, addressing the newly married pair on the sanctity and inviolability of the marriage vow, said:—"The contract you have now entered into is for life; it can never be broken. 'What God has joined, let not man put asunder.' Our Lord himself raised it to the dignity of a sacrament, and His Church in all ages resisted every attempt to lessen the sanctity of the matrimonial contract. The Catholic Church has never granted divorces—never, never. You may have heard that she has done so, but believe it not; 'tis a mistake; she has never granted a divorce where marriage has been legitimately entered into, and she never will. For maintaining the inviolability of this sacrament the Church lost England, and at the present moment she would lose a thousand Englands, or any other country, rather than loosen the bonds that bind society together. What would the condition of society be but for marriage? Society is made up of families, and to this sacrament the family relations are indebted for their sanctity, stability, decency, and dignity. Marriage is no mere human contract, to be dissolved at the option of either party; it cannot be affected by prosperity or adversity, sickness or health, joy or sorrow; it lasts through life, and can only be broken by the summons that calls one or other from this world. It has its blessings, its privileges, and it has also its trials; but they will be borne together; and with religion as your guide and pole-star, they will conduce to your eternal interest and welfare. After some further remarks, the Archbishop alluded to the ease with which divorces were obtained, and their injurious effect on the morals of the community. The wisdom of the Church of God, observed the Archbishop, was never more strikingly displayed than in her unwavering opposition to divorces. See the state of society to which a facility of obtaining them has led at the present time, when men can be found to advocate the total abrogation of marriage, or its dependence on the whim and caprice of the parties entering into it. After dwelling on this subject at some length, he referred to what is called a double marriage, that is, being married according to the Catholic and Protestant ritual. This, he said, was an impossibility; they could not be half married in one place, and half married in another. They should remember, when they were married in that Church, no other ceremony was requisite—that was final. The Archbishop then exhorted them on the duties of the married state, the mutual affection and forbearance they should exercise towards each other; and addressing the bridegroom, said—he should bear in mind that this young lady had been surrounded in her own home with loving care and attention, and that it devolved upon him to supply the place of those affectionate relatives she had left. She will be the lady of your home, said the Archbishop, and its ornament, and there is every human reason to suppose that the marriage this day solemnized will be fortunate and happy."

Charlemagne studied to bring around him, by liberal donations, all the most learned men of his age. He was less successful, however, than he could have wished, and complained of this one day to the learned Alcuin. "Would to Heaven," said the monarch, "that I had about me twelve such men as Jerome and Augustin!"

"What, sire?" replied Alcuin, "bath the Creator of Heaven and Earth but two men of such merit, and you would have twelve?"

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

WAR PREPARATIONS IN FRANCE.

Proceedings of the Zurich Conference.

PROGRESS OF THE REFORM MOVEMENT IN AUSTRIA.

Sec. Sec. Sec.

By the arrival of the Africa from Liverpool, and the North Briton at Quebec, we have news from Europe up to the 5th of October.

IRELAND.

The Cork reformatory for juvenile delinquents, a plain but well contrived building, is nearly completed. It will cost £2,000. At least £500 more will be needed for furniture, farm, stock, and preliminary expenses, making £2,500 in all. Of this sum a little more than £1,000 has been received, and the Mayor has munificently promised £500.

[Munster News.]

CORK AND BANDON RAILWAY COMPANY.—Return of traffic for week ending 17th day of September, 1859, (20 miles open).—Passengers, parcels, mails, &c., £192 11s. 8d.; merchandise, cattle, &c., £121 12s. 10d.; total, £314 4s. 6d. Total for corresponding week last year.—Passengers, parcels, &c., £173 14s.; merchandise, cattle, &c., £87 11s. 1d.; total, £261 5s. 1d.

THE GALWAY COMPANY.—In addition to the long and most respectable list of Irish shareholders we have already published, we have great pleasure in giving the following names of new applicants for shares:—Wm. Hanlon, 1 Chatham street, Dublin; Richard Hanlon, 44 Amien street, Dublin; Charlotte Anna Hume, Humewood, county Wicklow; Thomas Tudor, 2 Lower Ormond Quay, Dublin; Sophia Mary Carr, 27 Ranelagh Road, Dublin; Arthur Gore Ryan, B. D., Abbey, Tipperary; Wm. Barlow Smythe, D. L. and J. P., Barba-villa House, Westmeath; Edward John Redmond, National Bank; William McCann, 115 Thomas street, Dublin; Patrick Fox, 126 Old Church street, Dublin; Wm. Henderson, 21 Clare street, Dublin; John Boyd, Provincial Bank, Armagh; Charles O'Farrell, Esq., Dalyston, Loughrea; Bernard Gunning, Railway Hotel, Athenry; Lord Clonbrock, Clonbrock, Ashragh; Andrew W. Blake, D. L. and J. P., Turburch, Galway.

THE GALWAY LINE.—Whether or not there was any truth in a report, which had obtained some credence a few weeks since, of a design to let Liverpool in as a partner in the Galway line of steam packets to America, we know not; but the undertaking is now, we trust, secured against such overwhelming patronage. Had the largest share in the direction been assigned to that emporium, it is easy to conjecture how the hopes which Ireland may reasonably cherish of becoming the highway of nations would have fared. In order to make sure of that object, Ireland cannot with safety go very far beyond her own limits for help; and the minds of her leading commercial men are happily quite sensible of that. They have taken the project in their hands, as a national concern, in which all parts of our country possess a common interest; and it would be a reflection upon the good sense, as well as upon the public spirit of Ireland's capitalists, to imagine that they will withhold their aid from so beneficial a purpose. The Irish Committee of Shareholders, who have placed themselves in communication with the London Board of management, is composed of wise and practical men, every individual of them being well known throughout the land by the energy, intelligence, prudence, and integrity of his career. They have in their several walks attained high social positions, and are of great influence with the respect and good will of all. Of their chairman, Mr. Kirwan, of Castlehacket, it is almost impertinent to offer any testimony to the Irish reader, his name being a guarantee which all classes and denominations will readily accept for what ever is high-minded, judicious, and of good report. Mr. Howard's rampant aspiration has never carried a sting in it, while the undertaking appealed for public support from under the shadow of names exclusively English; but even that pampered underling, with all the courage which office imparts to such a nature as he rejoices in, will hardly dare again to call this "Irish Company." We learn with much satisfaction that many Irish men of wealth and station have subscribed their names to the list of applicants for shares since the public notice appeared of the formation of this shareholders' committee. We happen to know of more than one individual in the number who were specially induced to come forward by the announcement of Mr. Kirwan's name in a prominent place among the managers. They looked upon that—as well they might—as a sufficient pledge of good faith, and straightforward, active, and well-directed zeal. [Evening Mail.]

PROTESTANT REPORTS OF INSANITY FROM THE

DELUSIONS.—The Northern Whig (Belfast) of the 17th of September, says:—A cotemporary denies the truth of the statement made in The Whig a few days ago—that, since the commencement of the revival movement, twenty-two cases of insanity, from Larne and its neighborhood, have been admitted to the Lunatic Asylum and County Jail. We adhere to the truth of this statement, which we have on authority that we have no reason to question. While on this subject, we beg to quote, for the edification of our cotemporary, the following passage from a respectable conservative and high Protestant newspaper—The Dublin Evening Mail:—

Independently of the reports which have reached us through the public press of the transference to asylums, jails, and poor-houses, of persons laboring under insanity, we have ascertained, through other and reliable sources, that the actual number of lunatics placed under restraint, whose insanity assumed the form of religious mania, is so large as to create well-founded apprehensions. We have not, of course, the means of enumerating the individuals subjected to confinement, but, as a case of one jail which may stand as a sample of the others, we have taken the kindness of a gentleman who has watched the subject with some interest, to supply the few following facts:—During the last three months the number of persons committed to Belfast jail as "dangerous lunatics" is stated as sixteen, of whom no less than twelve were laboring under religious delusions. During the same period last year, the number so committed did not exceed six, none of whom evinced similar delusions. Of the sixteen committed, as above referred, all, or nearly all, appeared to be recent cases, some of them being of quiet and inoffensive dispositions a few weeks before the outbreak of the insanity. Half a number of the four whose cases of insanity is accounted for who have had their reason overturned by the prevailing enthusiasm, it might be not impossible to decide; but, while we have the fact before us that, within the space of three months, sixteen persons were committed as dangerous lunatics in a single town (beside the numerous sent direct to the asylum), and that of the sixteen, three-fourths are clearly attributable to religious excitement, we cannot help expressing a hope that the revivalists will not render themselves obnoxious to the charge of over zeal.

OPINIONS OF BELFAST PROTESTANTS ON THE SUBJECT.

To the Editor of The Weekly Northern Whig:

Sir: The editor of The Morning Advertiser, who, in days of old, gave the world some very graphic and withal imaginative sketches of the Lords and Commons, has been touring it through Ulster, to witness with his own eyes the working of the revivals. That writer says "that much good has been done and is still going on;" but I fear his run through the country, like that of Thackeray's, was too rapid to admit of his seeing the operations of the work except in its most superficial aspect. Amid all this promise of good there is no lack of the heaven of its opposite. A loose expression in relation to sacred subjects, too, often prevails, and a seeming want of veneration for the sober realities of religion greatly prevails with the subjects of the revival. One convert tells the wildest imaginative tales of her visions of the next world; another not only dreams of, but, according to the current version, has actually been admitted into the place of the blessed; and a third, falling asleep at a certain hour, telling those around her that she won't be awake till a particular time the next day, and when she does open her eyes the stories told are really incredible. All this—*more than playing on the credulity of marvel-mongers*—is, however, far eclipsed by miracles.

Some little distance from the Maze there has been, in course of the present week, a new trial of skill in the getting up of wonders. A young woman there—one of "converts," as is reported—has had the name of the Saviour printed on her breast. Hundreds of the piously curious ran to see the sight, and, though the orthography was incorrect and the style of lettering rather rude for this age, the sight proved so attractive that the room of the house in which the convert lay was thronged from morning till night.

In this, as well as in many other cases, the usual course of industry has been laid aside, and the injunction relative to diligence in business affairs quite forgotten. Several of the more soundly minded clergy have been trying to stem this tide of infatuation, but in some cases their feeling is so strong in its favor that remonstrance has no effect. Wild and incoherent ravings, interspersed with the most serious texts of Scripture, are thus usurping the place of that solemn reverence for religious duties which has heretofore been the true test of conversion.

H. R.

To the Editor of The Weekly Northern Whig:

Sir: A number of persons have expressed

to me their surprise that The Northern Whig should pass over unnoticed the common "revival topic" of this locality, namely, the tattooed female who last week made an exhibition of herself. I cannot trust myself to characterize her conduct, or comment on revivalism, as most truly represented by the woman in question; and, with reference to the silence of your journal, I can only suppose you left the fact to speak for itself so far as it could and would on behalf of the new-blown bubble of false religion. Were I, sir, in your counsels, I should not advise your rushing into voluntary martyrdom, for the fanaticism of the age, developed in revivalism, would first pretend to pray for you, as the Pharisee might have done for the publican in the olden time—that is, send up "a praying indictment" against you—and then, lest you might escape in the next world the punishment due to the preserving your reason in this, persecute you in goods and person with all the rage of polemic fury. For my own part, I trust, for the sake of true religion, revivalism may flourish and bear its natural fruit—hypocrisy, extravagance, and "living wonders." Then its destruction is certain. I should be sorry to see it continue, as at present, a crawling existence under the mask of religion, fostered by knaves, fools, and, what is worse, sensualists, and tolerated by men who know, or ought to know, the grossness of its delusion, and see through the transparency of its imposture.

Permit me, also, in conclusion, to protest, with the due reverence of a Christian, against the prevailing practice of placarding this town with texts of Scripture, which must, from their controversial character, "gender" us of its delusion, and destroy all the solemnity of religion, making the sacred things of eternity as contemptible as the vilest nostrum of the commonest mountebank.

I am, sir, faithfully yours,

BELFAST, Sept. 10, 1859.

RATIONALITY.

ENGLAND.

On the 28th ultimo a meeting was held in London to adopt measures for the total and immediate abolition of flogging in the army and navy. The chair was occupied by J. S. Murrough, ex-member for Bridport.

Lord John Russell, at Aberdeen, entered upon sundry political questions. In speaking of Italy, he took occasion to declare that England would never, under his auspices, enter into the contest unless the rights of the people of Italy to govern themselves, without the interference of foreign coercion, were recognized. At the same time he declared his belief that neither Austria nor France would use any compulsion with the people of Central Italy.

The English papers regard the capture of Schamyl as calculated to extend the influence of Russia and Persia in the East.

The directors of the Great Eastern have finally decided that the ship shall not go to Southampton, but leave Portland on her trial trip October 8, arriving at Holyhead about the 11th. If the trial is successful it is still intended to dispatch the vessel to America on the 29th.

Alderman Carter has been elected Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing year. An explosion in the percussion cap manufactory of Messrs. Pussall & Phillips, of Birmingham, had instantly killed seventeen persons and wounded nine others, one of whom subsequently died.

FRANCE.

Advices from the Provinces in France confirm the reports of grand armaments at the various ports. The Government had purchased land at a high price on the coast for the purpose of erecting fortifications. At Boulogne a floating battery is to be constructed without sails, navigated by steam and armed with rifled guns.

A French provincial journal says that the military divisions and subdivisions of France are about to be organized on a new footing, and that the Government intends to make every great port a centre of division or subdivision, in order that at a given moment the action of the land and sea forces may prove prompt and efficacious.

Some fresh details have been given in a Paris journal of the 28th ult. respecting a projected expedition to China. The force is to consist of 12,000 men, chosen from the best men of every corps. It is certain that all the men of a regiment are not fitted to endure the climate. A depot to repair deficiencies is to be established near Hong Kong or Shanghai. The departure of the force cannot take place before the first fortnight of November.

The visit of the King of the Belgians to the Emperor at Biarritz was wholly on account of the debt due by Belgium to France, amounting to 25,000,000, a pressing claim for immediate payment having been put forward.

ROME.

On the 26th ult. the Sacred College met and appointed seventeen Bishops.

In the annual allocation of the Pope, his Holiness alluded to the National Assembly of

Bologna, and referred to the censures expressed by that Assembly against the Papal Government. In conclusion he expressed a hope that the Romagnese will return to their allegiance to the Holy See.

The Sardinian Minister at Rome has been tendered his passports. The Revolutionists are at work in the Papal States the French troops having been withdrawn.

ZURICH.

All the six Plenipotentiaries were present at the Conference on the 3d, at which the articles of peace were read over.

The Paris Patrie reasserts that the peace treaty will be signed within a few days at Zurich.

The treaty will confirm the cession of Lombardy and contain a settlement of the Lombard debt. There will be three instruments of peace, the first between France and Austria, another between France and Sardinia, and the third between the three Powers. Central Italian affairs are to be settled by the Congress.

It is asserted at Paris that the Austrian Government consented to reduce the debt of Lombardy to be borne by Piedmont from four hundred million francs to little more than half that sum.

AUSTRIA.

Reforms in Austria are progressing. The Emperor has issued an Imperial rescript on the subject of taxation, which cannot fail to produce a favorable impression on his subjects. We extract the following:

In an autograph letter of the 28th of May I expressed my resolve to have the propositions made in regard to a reform in the system of direct taxation subjected to a strict examination, and at the same time directed you to draw up a plan for the formation of a Commission ("Immediate Commission") whose duty it should be to take the matter in hand. Your project having met with my approval, I appointed you to be President of the Commission, the difficult and important duty of which will be to make those improvements in the system of taxation which the changes in the condition of the Empire and the necessities of the State appear to render necessary, so that the public burdens may be as equitably distributed as possible, and the method of collecting the taxes simpler and less expensive.

CHINA.

Additional accounts from China confirm the statement that the American Minister had reached Peking, but in a most undignified manner, being virtually imprisoned.

NAPLES.

It is said that the Chinese anti-European movement had extended to Japan and Cochinchina.

The latest news from the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies give place for the belief that that part of Italy will not escape a general movement. It was said that a little village of Abruzzi had revolted, and it was believed that Naples itself was greatly agitated.

TURKEY.

The conspiracy and the attempt on the Sultan's life is the absorbing news from Turkey. A Commission had been appointed to investigate the conspiracy.

Two Generals, several Colonels and other officers and priests had been arrested. Jaffer Pasha, of Albania, one of the conspirators, drowned himself during the transportation of the prisoners.

It was probable that the conspiracy had ramifications in the Province of Calabria, but by the papers of any communication relating to the affair had been prohibited.

Muktar Pasha, Minister of Justice, had taken his departure for Egypt on a special mission.

Triennial Parade of the New York Fire Department.

The turn out of the members of the Fire Department on Monday, the 17th instant, was one of the most brilliant affairs of the kind which has ever taken place in this city. The occasion was like a general festival, and the streets were rendered almost impassable with the throngs of spectators. It would be impossible, in our limited space, to give anything like a detailed description of the procession, but we do not over-estimate the number in it when we state it at ten thousand. The Firemen are our Zeuses. They find their foe, however, not in their fellow-men, but in that destructive element which lays waste the fairest edifices, and leaves ruin and desolation in its track. New York may well feel proud of them, and rest secure in the conviction that, if the day should ever come when their services would be required in another field, she may rely with confidence in their brave hearts and strong arms in the hour of peril to their country.

PRIZES amounting to \$200 and a chance to each Subscriber.—BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN MAGAZINE for November just out.

WILLIAM L. JONES, 162 Sixth Avenue.

LITERATURE.

CATHOLIC LADDER. A Chronological and Historical Chart of the Christian Religion and Doctrine. With the authorization of the Archbishop of Oregon City. New York: T. W. Stone.

The Catholic Ladder is an illustrated chart of Religion from the creation of the world to the present day, and it has been called a ladder from its form, each century representing a step. The important events that took place and the remarkable personages that lived in each century are represented by figures or symbols placed on a line with the centuries they illustrate. At the foot of the ladder is placed an equilateral triangle to represent the mystery of the Holy Trinity, the beginning of all other mysteries; we mount forty steps, forty centuries of wonders; pass the Ark rolling on the rising waves; the Tower of Babel toppling to its fall; the burning cities of the plain; Mount Sinai, with Jews crowding around its base, and the law-giver alone upon its summit; the glorious Temple of Solomon; and mount still upward till we reach the commencement of the Christian era, ushered in by the wondrous mystery of love, the Incarnation. The next thirty steps represent the years of our Saviour's life, and around them are clustered representations of the miracles he wrought and the agonies he endured, the whole ending with the Crucifixion. We have now reached the Christian era, inaugurated by the descent of the Holy Ghost; pass further up, on one side mark the New Testament, on the other, the Basilica of St. Peter; number the persecutions, the general councils, the great doctors, the ancient heretics, beginning with Ebion, in the Apostolic times, and ending with Wickliffe; count the books of the New Testament, beginning with the Gospel of St. Matthew, written nine years after the Ascension, and ending with the Apocalypse of St. John, written Anno Domini 65. In addition, a vast amount of information is given in the form of chronology and statistics; the countries in communion with the Church at different periods are given, and the texts referring to the infallibility and unity of the Church. The object of the Chart is explained in the following extract from the Key: "The idea was conceived by a few weeks after he had taken charge of the mission to Cowlitz. For the purpose of paying him a visit, some twelve Indians had just come from an Island in Puget Sound called Whisky, some one hundred and fifty miles from the mission. After two days' journeying by water and an arduous march of three days in the spring time across the wastes of the continent, they reached Cowlitz with bleeding feet, famished and broken down. The object of their journey was to see the 'Black Gown,' and hear him speak of the Great Spirit to them. The impending necessity of infusing into those untutored minds an idea of religion at once definite and accurate—one so plain, clear and easy as to command and bind down their attention, led the missionary to devise this Chart, a copy of which he handed to them, and from which the most gratifying results have since been derived."

SAINTLY CHARACTERS RECENTLY PRESENTED FOR CANONIZATION. By Rev. William H. Nelligan, LL.D., M.A., Trinity College, Dublin. Member of the Archaeological Society of Great Britain. Author of "Rome, its Churches, its Churches and its Schools." New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother (James B. Kiker).

This work gives a minute account of the lives of seven holy servants of God who have been presented for Canonization, their heroic virtues, sufferings and miracles. Their names are Clare of Montefalco, Francis de Ghisone, Stephen Bellesini, Francis Xavier Bianchi, Anna Maria Taiga, Louis Grignon de Montfort and Louis Mary Chanel, who suffered martyrdom in the Island of Futuna, Oceania, in 1841. The only one whose cause has not been formally presented before the Congregation of Rites is Anna Maria Taiga, but it is in a state of preparation and from authentic documents the author has compiled the sketch of her life, premising, however, that what he relates is based on merely human authority, and that he has no desire of putting forward anything which would interfere with the decision of the Holy See. Prefixed to the work is a brief but interesting account of the form of Canonization observed by the Church; the extreme care taken to sift every particle of evidence, so that nothing doubtful may be admitted; the rigorous scrutiny of all alleged miracles, and the rejection of any that could have been possibly

performed by natural means. The Rev. author relates an instance that came under his own observation while in Rome that proves the scrupulous care with which miracles are tested. A chapter is devoted to the martyrs of Corea, Tongqua, Cochín China and China, the greater number of whom were native Christians. The reader will see that the sufferings of the martyrs in the primitive ages have been equalled in our own days, and that the faith that supported them in their conflicts with the authorities of Pagan Rome is as strong now as it was eighteen centuries ago. The book contains between three and four hundred pages of clearly-printed matter.

THE LIFE OF GENERAL GARIBALDI. Written by himself. With sketches of his Companions in Arms. Translated by T. Dwight. New York: A. B. Barnes & Burr.

The checked life of this reckless and daring adventurer possesses a certain attraction, for men are interested by romantic adventures and hair-breadth escapes, and the wild and varied career of the guerilla chief is full of them. As to the fact that his disposition is kindly and humane, we have it stated on the very best authority in the world—his own—and this disinterested testimony we accept, simply premising that autobiographers generally paint their heroes *en beau*, leaving to the biographer the ungracious task of painting them *as natural*. We presume it was under what he calls "the influence of sensibility" that he became so important an agent in inflicting the horrors of war on his country, and he could do no less than give the world an account of his exploits at Rome in 1849. This, however, he has not seen fit to do, and the book is, therefore, like the tragedy of Hamlet with Hamlet left out.

THE LLAMA.—The current number of the Foreign Quarterly Review puts its seal to the following affecting particulars respecting the Llama, which it describes as authentic:

"The Llama is the only animal associated with man and undebauched by the contact. The Llama will bear neither beating nor ill treatment. They go in troops, an Indian walking a long distance ahead as guide. If tired, they stop, and the Indian stops also. If the delay is great, the Indian, becoming uneasy, toward sunset, after all sorts of precaution, resolves on supplanting the beasts to resume their journey. He stands about fifty or sixty paces off, in attitude of humility, waves his hands coaxingly toward the Llamas, looking at them with tenderness, and at the same time in the softest tone, and, with a patience I never failed to admire, reiterates *ic-i-cic*. If the Llamas are disposed to continue their course, they follow the Indian in good order, at a regular pace, and very fast, for their legs are extremely long; but when they are in ill humor they do not even turn their heads toward the speaker, but remain motionless, huddled together, standing or lying down, and gazing on heaven with looks so tender, so melancholy, that we might imagine these singular animals had the consciousness of another life, of a happier existence. The straight neck, and its gentle majesty of bearing, the long down of their always clean and glossy skin, their supple and timid motions, all give them an air at once noble and sensitive. It must be so, in fact; for the Llama is the only creature employed by man that he dares not strike. If it happens (which is very seldom) that an Indian wishes to obtain, either by force or threats, what the Llama will not willingly perform, the instant the animal finds itself affronted by word or gesture, he raises his head with dignity, and, without attempting to escape, treatment by flight (the Llama is never tired or fettered), he lies down, turning his looks toward heaven. Large tears flow freely from his beautiful eyes, signs issue from his breast, and in half or three quarters of an hour at most, he expires. Happy creatures, who so easily avoid sufferings by death. Happy creatures, who appear to have accepted life on condition of its being happy! The respect shown these animals by the Peruvian Indians, amounts absolutely to superstitious reverence. When the Indians load them, two approach and caress the animal, hiding his head that he may not see the burden on his back. If he did, he would fall down and die. It is the same in unloading. If the burden exceeds a certain weight, the animal throws itself down and dies. The Indians of the Cordilleras alone, possess enough patience and gentleness to manage the Llama. It is doubtless from this extraordinary companion that he has learned to die when overtaken."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DR. NICHOLS' LECTURES ON CATHOLICITY AND PROTESTANTISM.—The following series of Lectures is now in course of publication:—
I. The History of the Holy Catholic Church.
II. The History of Protestantism.
III. The Popular Objections to Catholicity.
IV. The Doctrines and Evidences of the Catholic Church.
V. The Catholic Church the Church of the Bible.
Each Lecture makes a neat pamphlet of seventy pages; and they are furnished at the rate of 10 for \$1, 50 for \$5 100 for \$45, sent by mail, post-paid, either of one Lecture or the series. Nearly thirty thousand have already been ordered for gratuitous distribution. The first three are issued, and the other two are in press and will soon be ready. Address T. L. NICHOLS, M. D., New York. oct 1f

DR. T. L. NICHOLS WILL DELIVER

LECTURE,
Before the CUMMINGS LITERARY UNION,
On WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19th, 1859, at 8 o'clock,
in the
College of Physicians and Surgeons,
Corner of Twenty-third street and Fourth Avenue,
on the
DUTIES AND DESTINY OF YOUNG CATHOLICS IN AMERICA.
Tickets of Admission, 25 CENTS.

A SPECIAL CARD.—Record readers will note that HIRAM ANDERSON, No. 99 BOWERY, has greatly reduced the prices of English, Medallion, Velvet, Brussels, and Ingrain Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Table and Piano Covers, Druggists' Shades, and Oil Cloths, for below any quoted in this city. oct 5m

THE THIRD ANNUAL FESTIVAL
of the
SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL
Will be held at the CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS, No. 446 Broadway, October 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th, 1859. Tickets FIFTY CENTS each—can be had of the members of the several Conferences. oct 22

BUSINESS NOTICES.

ROGERS AND RAYMOND,
(Nos. 121, 123, and 125 Fulton street, corner of Nassau street), desire to offer at the commencement of the Fall a FEW SEASONABLE WORDS,

brief and to the point.

TO PURCHASERS OF FALL CLOTHING.
Our stock comprises every variety of men's business and dress clothing, includes all the best fabrics, foreign and domestic, was cut out by fashionable artists, in the latest styles, and made up by superior workmen, affords a broad field of selection for merchants, mechanics, clerks, farmers, professionals, travelers, sportsmen, &c., and with all these merits has another of paramount importance, viz.,

CHEAPNESS!

No house in the Nation, manufacturing clothing of equal excellence.

SELLS AT SO LOW A FIGURE,

or presents such a diversity of attractive styles.

☞ We have one price for each article and make no reduction therefrom.

ROGERS & RAYMOND,
to meet the demands of a large and increasing trade in
BOYS' CLOTHING,

present for the Fall of 1859 the most extensive and attractive stock in this department they have ever submitted to the public.

HEADS OF FAMILIES ARE INVITED
to examine our new styles of dress, school and office clothing for boys and youths, and our fancy suits for very young boys.

THE PRICES WILL PLEASE
economical parents as much as the articles will please their sons.

ROGERS & RAYMOND
would suggest to gentlemen who prefer clothing made to measure, that their

ORDER DEPARTMENT
is furnished with a very superior stock of Fall and Winter goods, and supplied with capital workmen, and, as regards

FASHION AND FIT,
as well as cheapness, their clothing made to order, is guaranteed to give the highest satisfaction.

ROGERS & RAYMOND,
oct 4f Nos. 121, 123 and 125 Fulton street.

BRADY'S GALLERY HAS REMOVED FROM
No. 839 Broadway to No. 645 Broadway, corner of Bleeker street.

PHOTOGRAPHS, DAGUERRETYPES AND AMBROYPES. aug 1f

O. E. DUFFY, CATHOLIC BOOKSELLER
and Periodical Dealer, No. 439 E street, Washington, D. C. All the Catholic Papers for sale. The Metropolitan Record always on hand. mh

AGENCIES.—We have appointed the following Agents for the RECORD, in addition to those already announced:—
Pittsburg, Pa.—Messrs. Downing & Daly, 139 South Eighth street.
Baltimore, Md.—Mr. James B. B. Smith, 38 North Gay street.

New Orleans, La.—Mr. Thomas O'Donnell, Camp st.
San Francisco, Cal.—Mr. John J. Kelly, 247 Washington street.

THE FLUSHING RAILROAD CARS for Calvary Cemetery leave Hunter's Point, opposite Thirty-fourth street, East River, at 7, 9, 15 and 11 A. M., and 1, 3, 4, 6 and 7:30 P. M. Returning, leave the Cemetery at 7, 9, 10, 11 and 12:15 A. M., and 1, 3, 4, 5 and 7 P. M., on week days, and on Sundays leave the city will be run. Fare each way 5 cents. Persons from the lower part of the city can take the steamer Mattano at Fulton Market slip, at 9, 1, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7:30; fare 10 cents. oct 1y

O. CHARLICK, President.

DRY GOODS.

LORD & TAYLOR,
Having
Completed their large and desirable stock
of
Fashionable Dry Goods,
Now offering bargains in fabrics of every description
for

FALL AND WINTER WEAR.

THE
ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS

Is particularly invited to
A full and elegant assortment of LADIES' DRESS GOODS, DRESS SILKS, SHAWLS, and CLOAKS. Also, HOSIERY, FLANNELS, SHEETINGS, LINENS, EMBROIDERIES, LACES, RIBBONS, TRIMMINGS, GLOVES, CLOTHS, VESTINGS, CASSIMERES, CERTAIN MATERIALS, CARPETINGS, &c., &c., &c.

461 to 467 BROADWAY,
255 to 261 GRAND ST.,
47 & 49 CATHARINE ST.

FROM PARIS!
FRINGES seem to have lost the favor they had, and RIBBONS are now the most popular trimmings for dresses.

Indeed, we are informed by the latest importations that Fringes ARE NOT USED AT ALL in Paris. The ladies of the French capital are all adopting RIBBONS.

DRESS-MAKERS who wish to keep pace with the leading fashions should observe this change, and trim their garments with appropriately colored Ribbons. But in selecting Ribbons customers should patronize only the reliable importers and dealers, whose assortments are generally reasonably good.

We have been very favorably impressed with the extensive stock offered by

LITCHENSTEIN, No. 657 Broadway, N. Y. The amount of Ribbons sold by LITCHENSTEIN is almost incredible.

Some of his latest styles are strikingly novel and beautiful.

Ladies and Dressmakers find it advantageous to purchase at his store.

They can obtain the best qualities and latest styles cheaper here than at any other place we know of in the city. oct 4f

BLACK SILKS! BLACK SILKS!
W. JACKSON, No. 551 Broadway, is offering at retail the largest and most desirable stock of MOURNING BLACK SILKS ever submitted for inspection. Foulle de Sole Repe and Armures, 24, 26, 30, to 32 inches wide, from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per yard. Also, 100 pieces Black Silks, \$1; worth \$1.25.

50 pieces Rich Rayon, \$1; worth \$1.25.

COMPETITION CHALLENGED!

Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

Observes, Importer of Mourning Goods.

No. 551 Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets. oct 18m

A CARD.—W. JACKSON, No. 551 Broadway, has received per late steamers and from auction, a very large and choice stock of MOURNING DRESS GOODS, consisting of Black Silks in every variety. Dress-mourning silks, select styles; Irish and French Poplins, Valenciennes, &c.; Tulle, or Shawls, in every style; English and French Romanesque, best makes; English Crapes in every width; Handkerchiefs and Maltese Cloth, besides many novelties too numerous to mention. Also, English Crape Veils, Bonnets, Mantillas, Shawls, &c.

Ladies will please observe,

W. JACKSON, Importer of Mourning Goods.

No. 551 Broadway.

sept 13m Between Spring and Prince streets.

R. T. WILDE & CO.,

Offer to the Trade, at the Lowest Prices,

FALL MILLINERY GOODS,

INCLUDING

Ribbons, Silks, Velvets, Crapes, Laces

Etc., Etc., Etc.

Also,

SILK VELVET AND FANCY BONNETS,

Dress Caps and Head Dresses,

PLAIN & FANCY STRAW BONNETS,

FRENCH

FLOWERS AND FEATHERS,

Bonnet Frames, Crowns, Ruches,

Etc., Etc.

☞ Orders will receive prompt attention.

R. T. WILDE & CO.,

Importers and Manufacturers,

251 Broadway,

Cor. Murray st., opposite City Hall.

sept 8m

RICHARDSON'S IRISH LINENS, DAM-

ASKS, &c.—Consumers of RICHARDSON'S LIN-

ENS, and those desirous of obtaining the GENUINE

GOODS, should be aware that while purchases are

sealed with the full name of the firm,

RICHARDSON, SONS & OWEN,

As a guarantee of the soundness and durability of the Goods.

The caution is rendered essentially necessary as large quantities of inferior and defective Linens are prepared, season after season, and sealed with the name of RICH-

ARDSON. By Irish houses, who, regardless of the injury thus inflicted alike on the American consumer and the manufacturers of the genuine Goods, will not readily abandon a business so profitable, while purchasers can be imposed on with Goods of a worthless character.

J. BULLOCKE & J. R. LOCKE, Agents,

No. 34 Church street.

ly 30m Between Barclay street and Place.

AT RETAIL,

BRIDAL WEATHERS AND VEILS,

FEATHERS and

COIFFURES. JAMES TUCKER'S,

At Nos. 861 and 859 Broadway, three doors from Franklin street. and 10m

VERGNES' ELECTRO-CHEMICAL

BATHS.—The only establishment attended by

At Vesuvius, the inventor of the cure of rheumatism,

ability, mercurial diseases.

No. 113 Fourth Avenue, New York. and 5m

CARPETINGS.

CARPETS.
ARTHUR DONNELLY,
No. 98 Bowery, New York,
IMPORTER, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER

CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS,
MATTINGS,
&c., &c.
ONE PRICE ONLY.

Churches and Religious Institutions furnished at cost.
REMEMBER THE NUMBER:
"98."

July 23 '9m

CARPET AND OIL CLOTH

WAREHOUSE.
JOHN W. HEALY,
111 Bowery, near Grand street, New York,
Importer, Jobber, and Retailer of
CARPETING, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, CANTON and
COCOA MATTING, DECOUPTS, &c., &c.
The stock contained in this establishment embraces
every item pertaining to the Carpet Trade, from the
most expensive foreign article to the lowest price domestic
article, and all goods sold are warranted as represented.
The Clergy, Churches, Convents and Charitable In-
stitutions will be furnished at Manufacturers' prices.
Orders executed with exactness and dispatch, and
goods packed and shipped Free of charge.
JOHN W. HEALY,
111 Bowery, New York.

July 20 '9m

PHOTOGRAPHS.

MAMMOTH PHOTOGRAPHS,
AT
GREY'S, No. 371 BROADWAY,
Two doors from Taylor's Station, N. Y.
FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR. July 20 '9m

CHURCH ARTICLES.

IMPORTATION FROM PARIS OF
RELIGIOUS ARTICLES.
The undersigned respectfully informs the Clergy and
Bachelors of the United States that he constantly re-
ceives from Paris
Sacred Engravings and Lithographs.
Cruets, Brass, Bronze, Ivory, &c.
Stations for Churches.
Statues, Medals, Crosses, and all other Catholic
Goods.
Orders for direct importation from Paris respectfully
solicited.
Frames always on hand or made to order.
F. TUBOIS, Importer,
No. 78 Duane street, New York.
Catalogues free. July 21 '9m



BENZIGER BROTHERS, PUBLISH-
ers and Bookbinders, and Importers of Vestments
and Church Garments, 50 William street, New York
Kinsleind, Switzerland. July 20 '9m

STAINED GLASS—HENRY SHARP,
Glass Stainer, Enameller and Embosser, No. 216
Sixth Avenue, New York. July 17 '9m

INSURANCE.

THE NEW YORK BOWERY FIRE
Insurance Company.—Office, No. 124 Bowery,
corner of Grand street. Capital, \$500,000. Continues to
insure dwelling houses and furniture, stores and
merchandise, and every other description of personal
property, against loss and damage by fire, upon terms
as favorable as any similar policy. Having a large
surplus fund, which with their capital, being safely and
profitably invested, enables them to afford "reliable se-
curity" in all policies they issue.
Business hours from 9 a. m. till sun-setting.
Orders through the Post-office will receive immediate
attention.

WILLIAM HIBBARD, President.
G. G. TAYLOR, Secretary.
WILLIAM M. MILLER, Surveyor. Sept 10 '9m

THE HARMONY FIRE AND MARINE

Insurance Company of New York.
Office, No. 50 Wall street, with union
paired capital and a handsome surplus.

DIRECTORS.
WILLIAM CALLENDER, President.
T. James Glover, M. Harmony, Jas. M. Motley,
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a 16 '9m

EXCELSIOR FIRE INSURANCE CO.
—CASH CAPITAL, \$500,000.
Office, No. 6 Broad street, New York. This Company
insures all kinds of buildings, household furniture, mer-
chandise, vessels in port, and other property, against loss
by fire. Ely J. B. PLUNKETT, President.
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TOBACCO.

JULIAN ALLEN'S CELEBRATED
Granulated Smoking TOBACCO is, without
exception, the finest article in this or any other country.
It is sold in all the principal cities of the United States, 25 years.
For sale by all first class Tobaccoists, Druggists and Gro-
cers. Retail 10 cents per pound, about dry pipes in 1 lb.
and every pipe as good as a Havana cigar.
Depot, 130 Water street, New York. July 29 '9m

THE VIRGINIA TOBACCO AGENCY

ESTABLISHED IN 1856.
CHARLES M. CONNELLY & CO.,
No. 45 Water street, New York.
Commission Merchants and Agents for the sale of Mann
and Leaf Tobacco, solely on commission.
July 20 '9m

PIANO FORTES.

A. H. GALE & Co., PIANO
PORTES, THEATRE MANUFACTORY AND
WAREHOUSES, No. 105, 107, 109, 111 & 113
EAST TWELFTH STREET,
NEAR THIRD AVENUE.

A. H. GALE & Co., take pleasure in inviting the
attention of Artists, Amateurs, and the public generally,
to their

NEW SCALE PIANO FORT.
Just introduced. The growing desire for a square Piano
Fort that shall approach the Grand in volume of sound
and at the same time, avoid the ungainly appearance of
that three cornered instrument, directed our energies
to the production of such a desideratum. Our toil is
rewarded, and we submit the result without fear of
competition.

We are permitted to refer to the several Catholic
Institutions of Maryland, Missouri, Louisiana and St.
Johns N. B., whose patronage they have enjoyed, and
where their Pianos have been in use.

Our Pianos are all guaranteed to give entire sat-
isfaction, whether ordered from us direct or sold by any
of our agents throughout the country; and we enjoy a
continuance of that patronage which we have solicited
for the last twenty-five years. August 20 '9m

ALBERT WEBER, PIANO
FORTE MANUFACTURER, No. 105
West Broadway, New York.
Each Piano is made under the subscriber's personal
supervision, warranted of the best material and work-
manship, unsurpassed in touch and tone, and sold at the
lowest manufacturer's price. These Pianos have met
with the most liberal patronage at the Academy of Mt.
St. Vincent, St. Mary's, St. Lawrence, N. Y., Sisters of
Mercy, and Helena, Academy of St. Michaels, La.; the Rev.
Bishop Byrne; also, Dr. Pisa, D. D., Brooklyn, &c., &c.
July 20 '9m

CHICKERING & SONS,
Manufacturers of GRAND SQUARE and
UPRIGHT PIANOFORTES.
Warehouses, No. 694 Broadway, New York.
PLANS MADE TO ORDER.
TO SUIT ANY STYLE OF FURNITURE.
Messrs. C. & S. have been awarded
THIRTY-FIVE PRIZE MEDALS
for the superiority of their manufacture, exhibited by
them at the different Fairs in this country and in London
during the past thirty-five years.

Also, for sale, at wholesale and retail,
MASSEY & HAMILTON'S
MELODEONS, HARMONIUMS, ORGAN MELODE-
ONS and ORGAN HARMONIUMS,
for Parlors, Churches, Societies and Lodges.
Grand and Square Pianos to Rent.
Warehouses in Boston, Tremont street. Warehouses
in Philadelphia, No. 1267 Chestnut street. July 20 '9m

HARPS

J. F. BROWNE & CO.,
HARP MAKERS.
WAREHOUSES, No. 709 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.
Music Strings and every requisite for the Harp.
Description and Prices forwarded by mail. July 20 '9m

MUSIC.

C. BREUSING,
FOREIGN MUSIC,
BEARD'S GRAND AND COTTAGE
PIANOS.
No. 701 Broadway,
New York.
my 31 '9m

ORGANS.

ORGANS—JARDINE & SON, ORGAN
BUILDERS, No. 100 White street, New York.
REFERENCES.
Right Rev. Bishop of Albany, Albany, N. Y.
Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor, Pittsburgh.
Right Rev. Bishop Gebhardt, Burlington.
Right Rev. Bishop of Portland, Portland, Me.
Right Rev. Bishop McCloskey, Albany, &c., &c.
July 20 '9m

CHURCH ORGANS—HENRY ERBEN,
Organ Manufacturer, keeps constantly on hand a
large stock of **CHURCH AND PARLOR ORGANS.**
For particulars as to size, price, &c., inquire at the
manufactory, 172 Centre street, New York. July 20 '9m

UNDERTAKERS.

WILLIAM T. A. HART, SEXTON
AND FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,
Coffin Makers, No. 227 Bowery.
Livery Stables, No. 325 Bowery.
All orders punctually attended to, day or night. August 6 '9m

JAMES DOOLEY,
SEXTON OF ST. ANNE'S CHURCH,
AND UNDERTAKER, No. 38 Fourth avenue, corner
of Eighth street, New York. July 28 '9m

JAMES DOWD,
Sexton of St. Francis Xavier Church, and Under-
taker, No. 119 Eighteenth street, corner Seventh ave-
nue, New York. August 6 '9m

LIFE PRESERVERS.

DELANO LIFE-PRESERVING COAT
AND VEST COMPANY.
(Incorporated January, 1850.—Capital \$125,000.)
Manufacturers of all kinds of
LIFE PRESERVING GARMENTS.
For ordinary wear.
SAFETY BATHING DRESSES,
Children's Swimming Jackets, &c., &c.
Office and Salesroom, 235 Broadway, New York.
July 20 '9m

SAFETY BATHING DRESSES,
Children's Swimming Jackets, &c., &c.
Office and Salesroom, 235 Broadway, New York.
July 20 '9m

LOOKING-GLASSES, ETC.
No. 383 Canal street, New York.

LOOKING-GLASSES.

PORTRAIT AND PICTURE FRAMES,
GILT MOLDINGS,
GLAZES, DIAMONDS,
CORDS AND TASSELS, etc., etc.
ENGLISH, FRENCH AND AMERICAN ENGRA-
VINGS, at wholesale and retail.
MIRRORS for Private Parlors, Hotels and Steamboats,
on hand and made to order.
JOHN S. WILLARD, Manufacturer,
329 Canal street, into 440 Pearl street.
August 6 '9m

REMOVAL—PHENIX LOOKING-
GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTURER, removed
from No. 383, 390, and 393 Greenwich street, corner of
Brook, to No. 221 East Twenty-third street, near First
avenue, New York, 212 Broadway, New York.
July 20 '9m

HORACE Y. BIGLER, Agent.

STOVES.

THE ALBANIAN

THE ONLY PERFECT

Heating Stove in the World.

FIRST PREMIUM AT UNITED STATES FAIR,
RICHMOND.

FIRST PREMIUM AT NEW YORK STATE FAIR,
STRAOUSE.

FIRST PREMIUM AT ALBANY COUNTY FAIR,
ALBANY.

This Original Smoke and Gas-Burner, for heating
Parlors, Halls, Offices, School Rooms, Churches,
&c., is the most extraordinary

Generator and Radiator of Heat

AND
ECONOMIZER OF COAL

EVEN INVENTED.

50 PER CENT SAVED IN FUEL, and
Double the amount of Heat radiated
by any other Stove.

Its operation is perfect for all varieties of hard and
soft Coal.

EVERY STOVE WARRANTED.

Six Sizes of the Stove are made.

100 certificates from last year's purchasers.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEPOT

ALBANIAN

ORNAMENTAL IRON WORKS,

522 Broadway.

Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.

Oct 13m NEW YORK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PURE DRUGS AND CHEMICALS,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

JOHN MILHAU & SON,

(Established by John Milhan in 1818)

123 BROADWAY.

"Best CO. LIVER OIL, warranted Fresh and Pure."
"AQUE MIXTURE" for the cure, and "ELIXIR OF
CALIFORNIA BARK" for the prevention of fever.

All orders containing a remittance faithfully attended to.
Oct 13m

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY—OFFICE

No. 51 Chambers street, New York. In consequence
of the great number of emigrants who have a long
time been in the sending of money to their friends in
Ireland, and to aid and protect the knighting the Irish
Emigrant Society established a fund, deposited in the
Bank of Ireland, upon which they draw drafts, payable
at sight, at any of the branches of the Bank.

Persons residing out of the city, by enclosing in a let-
ter (a check, if possible—if not, by bank bills current in
N. Y.) the sum they wish forwarded, with the plainly
written direction to whom, and where it is to be paid,
will have the same remitted.

There is the great advantage in purchasing the Society's
drafts—that the Bank has a branch in each of the
principal towns in Ireland, and thus the losses by dis-
count and other parties are avoided.

The Society will be thankful for all early and circum-
stantial information of any fraud, imposition or outrage
committed on Emigrants, and will endeavor speedily to
apply a remedy.

LIVER CARRIAGE, President.
JOHN MANNING,
ROBERT J. DILLON, Vice-Presidents.

JOSEPH STUART,
JAMES STUART, Treasurer.

EDWARD C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.

PETER CARROLL, Recording Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
Felix Ingulfsby, John Nicholson, William Richmond
WILLIAM NICHOLSON, Hugh Keane, James O'Neil,
JOHN MANNING, Corneil H. Sheehan, Daniel Devlin,
TERENCE DONNELLY, Romaine Dillon, John McManis.
July 20 '9m

ENDORSED BY EMINENT PHYSI-

CIANS.—The greatest remedy known for
DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUSNESS,
DEBILITY, HEADACHE,
BILIOUSNESS, JAUNDICE,
LIVER COMPLAINT, BLOOD DISEASES,
&c., &c., &c.

DR. BRUNN'S BITTERS.

Also, as a prophylactic against
FEVER AND AGUE, CHOLERA, SUMMER COM-
PLAINTS, &c.

This remedy has a very pleasant taste, and will be
taken as readily by children as by adults. The afflicted
are invited to try it.

PUT IN BOTTLES—PRICE 50 CENTS.

Send for circular giving full particulars. Address
C. C. GIBBER, Sole Agent,
No. 148 Broadway, New York.

Sold by Druggists and dealers everywhere. July 20 '9m

MISCELLANEOUS.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE
FOR THE "BEST"
GOLD PENS
AND
PENCILS.

163 Broadway,
NEW YORK.

Sold by
Jewellers,
Booksellers,
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Stationers,
throughout
the
Country.

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